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POLITICAL PROSPECTS.

WHEN Whitsuntide comes the second stage of the Session is over and the third is to begin. Just as at the beginning of the Session there is the interest of knowing what Bills the Ministry will propose, and what is to be the general frame and character of their measures, so that the main results of the preparations of the Recess may be criticized, so after Whitsuntide there is the interest of seeing what of these measures the Government will try to carry, what success they can achieve when heat and August shall have delivered the House of Commons into their hands, and what of their projects they are obliged altogether to abandon. It is seldom that all the discussion of so important a Bill as that for the Education of the people is postponed until after Whitsuntide; and it would be hopeless to begin it at so late a period of the Session, were it not certain that the House of Commons is sincerely anxious to pass it, and that the issues to be decided are comparatively few and definite. The adoption of the time-table conscience clause by the Government must be discussed on its own merits, and the various arguments for and against it deserve attentive consideration. But if it is only regarded from the point of view of expediting the settlement of the measure, it is obvious that it will be useless to oppose it in the House of Commons unless its opponents have made up their mind to propose something more likely to suit all parties. It is also impossible to doubt that the nation is not prepared at present to enlarge the compulsory operation of the Bill beyond the Ministerial proposal; and thus the two most formidable sections of opponents or critics of the measure, the champions of Nonconformist susceptibility and the advocates of rigid compulsion, can have no excuse for delaying long the progress of the Bill, unless they are prepared to avow their wish to defer the whole matter to another Session. The House of Commons will, it may be expected, pass the University Tests Bill with such unanimity and rapidity that not very much of the precious time of the House need be consumed by it. Of the measures which the Government pronounces of primary importance there remains the Bill for regulating Parliamentary Elections. But it is impossible to say that there is any real need that this Bill should be passed this Session. A very artificial value is attached to its immediate adoption by those who see in its being pressed forward by the Government a sort of pledge that they are true to their democratic principles. But it cannot be worth while to go through so elaborate a process of proving what, if it were not true, could not be made true by a hurried advocacy of the Ballot. There is no prospect of a Parliamentary election before the close of another Session, and the Bill does not apply to municipal elections. There could not be a better subject for the laborious discussions of the Recess than the machinery of the Ballot, and the enthusiasts who tormented or pleased themselves last year with controversies on the true constitution of the pound sterling are just the people to delight in framing, analysing, and rejecting schemes for the machinery of secret voting. It would be a great pity that the Government should waste a night on their Bill, unless they see that it will pass; and now that Mr. GLADSTONE has been to the Derby, he may see in the culmination of his popularity a substitute for declaring himself more pointedly than he has yet done a convert to the Ballot.

But the fate of the Government Bills is not the only interest which the arrival of Whitsuntide brings with it. After Whitsuntide comes that brief season, with its quaint liveliness and burst of momentary vigour and fun, when the House of Lords leaps into a recognised existence. It has been a late spring with the Lords this year, as with external nature. They have had four very quiet months hitherto. Lord CARNARVON has brought before them, with appropriate pathos and with lucidity and force, the melancholy history of the Greek brigands and their victims. The Lords have rejected the Deceased Wife's Sister Bill by a majority so small as to inspire lawless widowers with renewed hopes. They have

done Londoners the great kindness of rejecting the scheme for entirely spoiling the new street to the Mansion House; and most of the other Law Lords have enjoyed the sport of snubbing the CHANCELLOR and snuffing out his grand scheme for amalgamating Law and Equity. They succeeded, it may be mentioned, in depressing Lord HATHERLEY to such an extent that he had not the nerve or the courage to speak up for the Bribery Commissioners, who merely discharged a duty assigned to them by the Government, and discharged it for the most part with great energy, resolution, and success. But otherwise the Lords have done nothing yet, and had nothing to do. Now their turn is coming. They are to have the satisfaction of discussing the two great measures of the Government, and of showing how wise and judicious and authoritative they can be on subjects of primary importance. Mr. HARDY was imprudent enough, on the Third Reading of the Irish Land Bill, to threaten the majority of his audience with the alterations he intended to make in the Bill through the medium of his friends in the Upper House. This raised the wrath of the Irish members, and it naturally induced Mr. GLADSTONE to declare that the measure would not bear much alteration. There is no probability that the Lords will offer any serious opposition to the Second Reading; and if the principle of the Bill is accepted, that the small tenants of Ireland are to be placed in an exceptional position in order to promote Irish agriculture and to restore social peace to Ireland, the details of the Bill cannot be very much modified. Some of its clauses may, however, be advantageously discussed in the Lords, and light may be thrown on their probable operation when the minds of men who are free from party pressure are bent on estimating their purport. The provisions of the Bill, for example, which prohibit future freedom of contract may be profitably examined, as it is by no means clear that they are needed to effect the objects the Government has in view; and to treat the Irish as permanently infantine and unfit to bargain for themselves is not only humiliating, but likely to be injurious to them. The Court which is now to be entrusted with the power of refusing compensation altogether for disturbance if the landlord offers to continue the tenant on reasonable terms in his holding, and which will thus have to consider the whole circumstances and operation of a proposed new contract, might, it would seem, allow a contract not to sue for compensation for disturbance to be pleaded in bar of a claim, provided it thought that the terms of the contract gave the tenant an equivalent for the right he voluntarily abandoned. It is absurd to suppose that the Lords are only capable of spoiling, and are wholly incapable of improving, a Bill to the principle of which they have assented; and even if they discuss the Bill and leave it much as it stands, their criticism will give renewed assurance of its probable utility to those who have hitherto supported it.

It is curious to contrast the tranquil passage of the Land Bill to the Lords with the excitement which a year ago attended the progress of the Church Bill from the Lower to the Upper House. It was a most stirring crisis when Lord DERBY announced his intention of opposing the Bill altogether, and a struggle thus began which for a week engrossed public attention. Now there is scarcely the smallest stir of curiosity as to the course the Lords will take. Every one knows that they will pass the Bill, and every one feels that, if they try to improve the shape of the Bill, they will be only discharging the function which they exist to discharge. The experience of this Session amply confirms the experience of the past, that they, under the modern Constitution of England, are quite unfit to take the initiative in legislation. They are properly a Court of Review, with a power, however, to defer Bills of minor importance, as well as to criticize and amend Bills of primary importance. The good sense of the Peers may, we will hope, be trusted not to turn the discussion of the Irish Land Bill into an

opportunity of squeezing out of the Government a series of petty advantages for the landlords, which would either be rejected in a mass by the Commons, or, if allowed, would spoil the wholesome working of the Bill, without doing the Irish landlords any real good. Nor is there much reason to fear that the Education Bill will meet with a hostile reception from the Peers. The clergy on the whole are satisfied with it, and the Bishops will hesitate to make an ecclesiastical question of what is widely accepted as a very fair settlement of a great national problem. No bishop has opposed the Bill in his communications with the clergy of his diocese, and the Bishops are not at all likely to begin a sudden opposition in the Lords. The Conservative Peers on a semi-religious question will scarcely be inclined to be more ecclesiastical than ecclesiastics, and thus it may confidently be expected that the two main measures of the Session will have an easy passage through the Upper House. Whether the Peers will not indulge themselves in the excitement of throwing out the University Tests Bill is more doubtful. It seems to be generally admitted that they would like to do so if they deemed it prudent; and the apprehension that is supposed likely to restrain them is that in another Session they may be asked to pass a Bill still more disadvantageous to the Church. When, however, it is asked in what way the Bill could be worse for the Church, the answer seems to be that another year even Heads of Houses might be swallowed up in the gulf of Nonconformity. Whether the anxiety to avert this catastrophe is so absorbing with the Lords as is supposed, and whether they would recoil before the danger, may be open to doubt. If they do pass the Bill, it may be guessed that in the recesses of their hearts many of them will be thinking more of the expediency of getting Keble College safely out of the operation of the Bill than of the possible religious errors of the future Heads of Houses. What of the minor measures of the Government will be sacrificed and what pushed through, no one, not even the Junior Lords of the Treasury, can safely pretend to know. But if the Irish Land Bill and the Education Bill are passed, the Session will have been a useful one; and the Ballot and the fusion of Law and Equity may serve as the great subjects of Parliamentary interest another year.

#### THE FENIANS IN AMERICA.

THE next American mail will perhaps bring some explanation of the abortive Fenian invasion of Canada. It has never been possible to understand how the promoters of similar outrages could expect to obtain any success, and probably O'NEILL and his principal accomplices expected and intended that their enterprise should terminate in an arrest by a United States Marshal. There are always two hostile factions in the Fenian body, contending for the administration of the funds which are collected from the Irish servant-girls of New York; and perhaps it may have appeared to O'NEILL that his claims would be strengthened by the pretence of a military expedition. The newspapers which circulate among the Irish population of the United States are probably as mendacious and as impudent as the National journals of Ireland; and it will be easy to manufacture feats of heroism out of the petty skirmish with the Canadian militia. It was unlucky that the invaders were not allowed to penetrate far enough into Canada to afford a reasonable chance of capturing the leaders. Attempts of the kind ought to be treated as vulgar crimes; and the delinquents have no reason to fear a severe sentence from the American Courts. In one respect the Canadian Government will perhaps have regarded the harmless outrage with satisfaction. The Ministers had been blamed for incurring the expense of calling out a portion of the militia at a time when there was no visible reason for doing so. There can now be no doubt that they had received authentic information, either from Fenian informers or perhaps from the American Government; and they have the satisfaction of proving that they were in the right. The movement will have surprised the respectable inhabitants of the Northern States, who had no suspicion that the Fenians were even partially in earnest. The Republican Government without a republic to govern has become a stale joke, and the adventurers of whom it is composed are regarded rather as petty impostors than as formidable conspirators. A chronic private war against a neighbouring and civilized community was too flagrant an absurdity to be tolerated by general opinion. The enterprises of WALKER and others fifteen years ago against the unsettled States of Central America were organized in New Orleans, and not in New York. It is perfectly understood that O'NEILL and his like have no chance of

detaching portions of Canadian territory which might afterwards be annexed to the United States. Even Mr. GREELEY would probably wish the Fenians to attempt Irish insurrections in preference to Canadian invasions. The only American politician who is said to have been privy to O'NEILL's attempt was the discredited buffoon TRAIN, who is not recognised by either party. Either the Irish vote is no longer worth buying, or the Irish themselves have ceased to pretend to believe in the Fenian leaders.

Secret societies, notwithstanding the impression which they have produced on the imaginations of Cardinal CULLEN and Mr. DISRAELI, are incapable of large and effective operations. In Ireland they assassinate, but they are not strong enough to rebel, and in America they are deprived even of the opportunity of murder. The petty bands which MAZZINI has lately employed to annoy the Italian Government are scarcely more respectable in numbers or in organization than the Fenians who ran away with O'NEILL; but perhaps they might excuse themselves by their sincere or pretended belief that the majority of their countrymen really share their opinions. The Fenians scarcely affect to think that they have any partisans in Canada except a part of the lowest class of Irish immigrants, nor can they propose to liberate a community which already enjoys the amplest freedom. Although the members of the conspiracy at one time succeeded in creating an irrational panic, it was always evident to calm observers that their operations, both in England and Canada, were as hopeless as they were culpable. The Manchester murders, the Clerkenwell explosion, and the two inroads into Canada could not but provoke general indignation; nor would the success of the Chester enterprise have done any harm beyond the immediate vexation which it might have caused. The seditious Irish papers indeed suggest that future plots and outbreaks might be prevented by the concession of Irish independence, but menaces of an occasional murder or incendiary fire are scarcely formidable enough to justify the dismemberment of the Empire. The Fenians themselves must by this time be convinced that they are not likely to succeed in embroiling England with the United States. A rupture is perhaps not impossible, but the Americans will not allow themselves to be the tools of alien adventurers. The periodical motions in the House of Representatives for the liberation of naturalized Irishmen who may have incurred the penalties of law in the United Kingdom are now more rarely brought forward and more faintly supported, nor has any public functionary above the rank of a city mayor for the last year or two thought it worth while to imitate the actual Vice-President of the United States by giving a public reception to Fenian delegates. Many of the military idlers who infested the Northern States immediately after the close of the civil war have probably by this time been re-absorbed into civil society, or otherwise disposed of. The recent outrage will probably be the last of its kind, especially as the retreating patriots appear to have been dissatisfied with their leader for not providing them with funds to pay their return fare to New York. With an unassailable line of retreat, such invasions are comparatively free from danger, on condition that they are discontinued almost before they are commenced; but they cost money for railway fares, for two or three days' provisions, and for arms and ammunition, which may not perhaps always be returned by the United States authorities, as in the days of President JOHNSON. The Fenian treasury is probably not very full; and O'NEILL must have seriously diminished the funds to the residue of which he may perhaps have established a plausible claim. The Senate or Council which represents the opposite faction naturally repudiates his enterprise as rash and inopportune; but if the subscribers are allowed a voice in the disposal of the money, they will probably prefer the author of a little mischief to the still more useless conspirators who have contented themselves with empty talk.

The modern colonial policy of England is not entitled to the praise of extraordinary wisdom, inasmuch as it was dictated by circumstances and by obvious expediency; yet it is satisfactory to contrast the present relations between England and Canada with those which existed five-and-thirty years ago. The Government of the colony was threatened in those days by indigenous rebels actively supported by the neighbouring population of the United States. The insurrection was repressed by superior force, after imminent risk of a collision with the American forces; but for some years afterwards disaffection prevailed widely both in Upper and in Lower Canada. The subsequent concession of practical independence removed every angry feeling, and some of the former insurgents lived to hold office under the Imperial Government. Modern Fenian incursions are bitterly resented by the



Canadians themselves, as the intruders would have found if they had placed themselves within reach of capture. It is difficult to judge whether colonial loyalty would bear the stress of serious inconvenience which might be inflicted on Canada as a part of the English Empire; but it is at least certain that the petty molestation which is caused by the Fenians excites irritation only against the offenders, or perhaps against those who connive at their crime. The members of the Fenian association who may probably be found in the Canadian towns will be well advised in keeping themselves at present in the background. It is true that the war has begun and ended without loss of life on the Canadian side, but a certain sum has been spent on the necessary preparations for defence, and the invaders must be supposed to have intended bloodshed. The peaceable inhabitants of the Dominion will not be tolerant of any sympathy which may be expressed for O'NEILL and his rascal followers.

It may be conjectured that the President of the UNITED STATES, when he issued his proclamation, was misinformed as to the magnitude of the undertaking which he denounced. It was natural that on both sides of the frontier the conspirators should have received credit for a comparatively serious plan of campaign. It was impossible that they should succeed, but they might have been strong enough to outnumber at any point which they might select the force which might be despatched against them at the moment. It would seem from the meagre telegraphic reports that O'NEILL had not even sufficient military ability to make use of the forces at his disposal. If there were two thousand men tolerably armed within reach of the border, they might have perplexed the Canadian troops for a time by crossing in different bodies. It appears that O'NEILL himself with a handful of men contrived to come into contact with a body of Canadians, but that he never ventured out of reach of the friendly United States Marshal. The rest of his force remained for a day or two in the neighbouring towns and villages, until they could procure a passage homeward by the railways. No unfavourable contingency occurred to render the invasion an utter failure, for the Fenians were apparently not disarmed by the American authorities until the whole enterprise had failed. It would perhaps be too much to expect that on the next occasion, if indeed it ever happens, the disarmament should precede the invasion; and yet it might have been as well if General LINDSAY had not publicly noticed the inutility of the PRESIDENT'S proclamation. It might save trouble if the arms which have been sequestered were retained, so as to impose on the Fenians the expense of providing another equipment for their next expedition; but neither the Canadian nor the Imperial Government will be disposed to inquire too closely into American neutrality. The dangers of a Fenian invasion are now fully appreciated.

#### THE IRISH LAND BILL.

THE Irish Land Bill has been sent up to the Lords, and Mr. GLADSTONE has persuaded the Commons to accomplish the task he set them. He has attained the object he had in view. He has carried by the end of May such a Bill as in the middle of February he announced his intention of carrying, if he could, in time to give the Lords a fair opportunity of discussing it. At one time the prospects of the Bill looked very dark, and Mr. GLADSTONE, himself alarmed at the slow progress it was making, hinted that he might have to cut it in two, and let the Lords manage one half at a time. But the Bill has not only been sent up in good time, and without any essential alterations, but it goes to the Lords with a general wish that it should pass. There is a widespread conviction that it is a Bill not at all likely to be disadvantageous to good and equitable Irish landlords; and if there is no enthusiasm in Ireland for the Bill, there is no opposition whatever to it. The landlords seem to like it even better than the tenants do, and yet it is very much the same Bill which seemed to many landlords so terrible when they first heard of it. But when they came to examine its provisions they were very glad to find that it was no worse than it was, and that it offered them the best security against the cry for fixity of tenure that they were likely to get. They also saw that its operation would very much depend on themselves, and that if they were willing to let their tenants hold on so long as they paid a fair rent and did not farm in too outrageous and disgraceful a manner, the Bill would not affect them at all. The landlords have even welcomed, or at any rate have partially acquiesced in, the adoption of Mr. BRIGHT'S scheme for enabling the tenants to purchase their holdings. The scheme as finally settled in the Commons is quite as

much to the advantage of the landlord as of the tenant, for the tenant can afford to give a better price than any one else for the land to be sold, as he can borrow money from the State much more cheaply than other possible purchasers could get it from private sources. Whether owners who do not wish to sell will be put to any pressure to sell, no one can say, for it is impossible to guess what will happen in Ireland. It is perhaps probable that some pressure may be put on large absentee proprietors to sell; but then it takes a large amount of pressure to affect such people, for they cannot be shot, they do not read the local newspapers, they want neither popularity nor security nor social importance, and little short of a revolution will touch them. But they, in common with other proprietors, will occasionally wish to sell, and then they will find in their tenants the best possible purchasers—men who know all about the property, supplied with funds by the State, and very ready to give somewhat more than the value of the land in the open market in order to secure a local position and root themselves in the soil. Mr. GLADSTONE has often said that one great object of the Bill is to make things go on in Ireland smoothly, gently, and without a break, so that the transition from the old state of things to the new may be imperceptible. It must be owned not only that the Bill is framed so as to produce this effect, but that the desired process has already begun, and that landlords and tenants seem even now to be gently settling into the position which the Bill creates for them.

Any one who compares Mr. GLADSTONE'S account of the Bill, the Bill as it was first presented to the Commons, and the Bill as it is now sent to the Lords, will see that the intentions of the Government have been carried out in the main with surprisingly few changes, and that the Bill in its later form, though changed for the worse in one or two respects, and changed for the better in a great many respects, is substantially the same Bill now that it was. The House of Commons since Easter has, in fact, abandoned all hope of getting the Bill passed this year if its provisions were to be much altered. The Bill is really a Bill for giving reasonable security to the holders of small Irish farms that they will not be turned out if they behave themselves decently, according to the Irish standard of decent behaviour. This object will, it may be expected, be attained. The Irish small tenant will be in an incomparably better position legally after the Bill has become law than that in which he is now. The mere fact that such a Bill has passed is of itself a great protection to him. Wanton eviction will henceforth be not only expensive, but will be pronounced by every one to be against public policy. A landlord who turned his tenant out used in old days to be considered as the champion of his order, and as teaching in a striking way the lesson that land belongs to its owner. Latterly there has been a sort of half-and-half feeling—the better class of landlords discouraging wanton evictions, but the worse class not having any strong public feeling to defy if they chose to use their legal rights. Henceforth a landlord who turns a tenant out with whom he has no serious fault to find will be a man marked for general reprobation. There will be a very strong prejudice against evictions, and the Bill throws obstacles in the way of evictions that may well make landlords shrink from them. The main protection against eviction is, of course, the sum to be paid by the landlord in case of disturbance. In two respects the tenant is at a greater disadvantage now than he was as the Bill was first drawn, and as Mr. GLADSTONE described its contents. In the first place, Mr. GLADSTONE described the judge as setting out with the sum mentioned as the maximum for compensation in case of disturbance, and seeing how far this was to be reduced by the counter-claims of the landlord. Subsequently the judge was supposed to inquire into the special facts of the case, and to ascertain the real loss sustained by the tenant; and it was from this sum, and not from the maximum as a standard, that the deductions were to be made. The point is one of great importance to the tenant, but it must be acknowledged that the actual change in the wording of the clause is very slight, and that if there is enough litigation to create a body of precedents, it is doubtful even now whether the practice of the Court would shape itself in the direction of taking the maximum as a basis, or in that of making what must be a most rude and unsatisfactory guess at the actual amount of damage sustained. The words as they now run were undoubtedly drawn up in the days when Mr. GLADSTONE allowed himself to be bullied and puzzled by the friends of the landlord, and were meant to cast on the judge the duty of estimating the actual loss sustained. But they do not in any way prevent him from taking the maximum as a standard if he likes, and he will probably be led insensibly to do something of the sort in order to escape from solving a

riddle that he has no means of guessing. Then, again, originally the refusal of the tenant to continue in his holding if the landlord offered to let him do so on his paying a reasonable increase of rent was only to form a counter claim in favour of the landlord; now it is to bar the tenant from compensation altogether. But, on the other hand, the tenant has had some good turns done him while the Bill was in Committee. The most important of these are the separation of the claim for disturbance from that for improvements, so that mere eviction is more distinctly recognised as a ground for imposing a pecuniary penalty on the landlord, and secondly, the withdrawal of the right of the landlord to put an end to the relations between himself and the tenant evicted by the Bill if he chose to tender a thirty-one years' lease. Thus the tenant, if he has some reason to lament what the Committee has done for him, has equal reason to rejoice, and all the great substantial benefits provided for him by the Bill remain in their integrity.

The Bill is mainly a Bill for protecting yearly tenants of very small holdings, but it affected other persons as well. The tendency of the changes in Committee was to limit the range in which the Bill should operate, and to confine some of its more important benefits to the poorer tenants. There is no reason to regret this. Men who pay a good rental ought to be able to take care of themselves, and do not need encouraging to devote themselves in earnest to the cultivation of the soil. The occupiers of the large grazing farms of the centre and south of Ireland were most properly excluded from the operation of the Bill altogether, and, although the principle was not rigidly carried out, there was an evident feeling in the Committee that if a man could pay fifty pounds a year in rent he did not much want a Land Bill. The Ulster tenants have got all that was promised them, and in Committee they received the additional benefit of being allowed, if they thought it more advantageous, to claim for disturbance instead of claiming under the custom. The jealousy of the three other provinces was appeased by their customs being placed on a level with the customs of Ulster, provided only they are in point of fact the same. If it is true that scarcely any, if any, customs not of Ulster are the same as the customs of Ulster, the second clause of the Bill may be looked on rather as a concession to the sensibility of the rest of Ireland than of much practical use. But all tenants throughout Ireland are secured in something very like the Ulster custom by the important general proviso that the bargain made between the out-going and the in-coming tenant shall be taken into consideration as between the tenant and the landlord, if made with his express or implied consent. The agricultural labourers, of all Irishmen who it was supposed were going to get new benefits from the Bill, are perhaps those who will get least from it, as it is finally settled in the Commons. At one time it was supposed that the tenants would be likely to build good cottages for them under the incitement of one of the clauses of the Bill. But the dread of the landlords lest the tenants should subdivide under pretence of building these cottages, and the dread of the friends of the labourers lest they should be too much at the mercy of the tenants by inhabiting cottages of which the tenants were masters, had so much weight with the Committee that words were inserted the natural effect of which will be that, so far as the Bill operates, no cottages will be built at all. Still, as Mr. GLADSTONE said in his introductory speech, the main benefit the Bill can confer on the labourer is the impulse it will give to agriculture; and it is not unreasonable to hope that this benefit at least will be secured if the Bill passes into law with its main provisions unaltered.

#### MR. LOWE AND THE TAXPAYER.

IN prosperous times the easiest and pleasantest office in the Government is that of the Chancellor of the Exchequer. According to inveterate tradition he is supposed to be vigilantly watched and checked by a suspicious House of Commons, but in practice he does exactly as he likes. If Mr. LOWE had repealed half the excise duty on malt, instead of half the customs duty on sugar, his proposal would have been adopted. It is convenient or decorous that constitutional forms should be maintained by protests against differential duties which, as Mr. LOWE explained in answer to the complaint, are in fact the reverse of differential. Unequal duties on unequal values or proportions of saccharine matter involve the only fair repartition of a burden imposed on sugar; yet the question has in former times been discussed with warmth and pertinacity, and it was proper that a

respectable paradox should be reaffirmed on the latest occasion on which it will be available. The CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER expressed an opinion, in which his successors will probably concur, that for several years to come it will not be desirable to reopen the question of the taxation of sugar. Another member expressed an earnest hope that tea would also be exempted from fiscal meddling. Coffee has one plausible claim for relief in the small contribution which it offers to the public revenue; but on the whole the attainment of Mr. BRIGHT's free breakfast-table seems for the present likely to be postponed. Some time must elapse before Chancellors of the Exchequer accede to the demand for the abolition of taxation of commodities.

If all classes of the community were inclined to pay their fair share, direct taxation would be at the same time economical and equitable; but in practice it will always be imposed on a small minority, if not on special kinds of property. Parochial and municipal taxation in the form of rates determined by rental approximates but rudely to an equal assessment; and the Income-tax is largely modified by fraud, while it spares all persons who live by weekly wages. Mr. LOWE's attempt to reach clerks and highly paid artisans through their employers, although it may be unobjectionable in theory, will be unpopular with both classes. There is a certain pleasure in deducting fourpence in the pound from the rent or interest paid to a landlord or creditor, who may for the purpose be regarded as in a hostile relation; but the head of an establishment will dislike the process of withholding a percentage of salaries and wages from recipients who will perhaps confuse him with the obnoxious class of taxgatherers. Mr. GLADSTONE was formerly in the habit of contending that, with a view to the promotion of national frugality, it was desirable to make the payment of taxes as onerous and disagreeable as possible; but prudent financiers take human nature into consideration, and avoid unnecessary unpopularity.

Alderman Lusk proposed, in the course of the mild conversation on the details of the Budget, to extend to all separate tenements the unjust exemption which is enjoyed by the occupants of houses under a rental of twenty pounds. When Mr. DISRAELI was for the first time Chancellor of the Exchequer, in 1852, he attempted to fix the limit of exemption at the more reasonable amount of ten pounds rental; but his Budget was on the whole ill-constructed, and his Government was in a minority. The difficulty or impossibility of imposing a direct tax on the lower middle-class affords a strong argument against the abolition of duties on commodities. Alderman Lusk's scheme would confer a boon on house-owners of a particular class, without the smallest pretext of reason or justice. It is absurd to suppose that the occupiers of lodging-houses would share with their landlords any part of the remission. A house-tax, like every other tax, is objectionable, but if it were equally assessed it would be one of the least unjust of imposts. Mr. LOWE can afford to receive suggestions of the kind with perfect equanimity. It is not understood that a private member, in representing the supposed grievances of any section of his constituents, either shares their opinions or practically wishes for redress. If any claimant exceeded the ordinary bounds of urgency, it would be a sufficient answer that any further reduction of taxation would disturb the financial arrangements of the year. As with a continuance of peace and prosperity there is every reason to expect a succession of surpluses, there will be many opportunities of correcting the fiscal anomalies which remain. Even the stamps will be hereafter revised and made less burdensome, although Mr. LOWE prudently contents himself for the present year with a simple digest which must have involved no inconsiderable labour. It is scarcely possible that the exceptional and oppressive tax on railway passengers can be long maintained. Mr. LOWE proposed the substitution of a duty of one per cent. on gross receipts, but he was obliged to withdraw it, not because it was more unjust than the present tax, but because it created a new injustice in the place of an accustomed extortion. No plausible reason can be given for an additional and heavy income-tax on railway shareholders.

It is seldom that a Chancellor of the Exchequer is compelled to yield to the importunity of taxpayers who object to relief from their special burdens, but Mr. LOWE has consented to retain the game licence which he had unnecessarily proposed to abolish. He still persists in his unpopular scheme of a tax upon guns, but it may be doubted whether the measure will ultimately pass. There is no doubt that the practice of carrying firearms is often a nuisance, and that it leads to the destruction of birds which persons of taste and



sentiment would like to preserve; but it is invidious and rash to impose a new tax on the amusements of the humbler classes. The habit of carrying revolvers, if it prevails in any part of the country, is not widely spread, and it will not be effectually checked by the tax. A gun is for the most part carried openly and publicly, but a revolver will seldom emerge from the pocket when a revenue officer is in sight. Several country gentlemen have, with injudicious candour, approved of the tax, on the ground that it will to some extent discourage poaching; but it is scarcely prudent at the present moment to provide additional legislative facilities for the preservation of game. In this instance Mr. LOWE appears to have neglected his salutary rule of looking exclusively to fiscal objects. As a sound economist he for the most part wisely abstains from diverging into social or moral considerations. It is his business to collect money for the service of the State with the smallest possible injustice or inconvenience to taxpayers. It was because he thought that hawkers were subjected to an unfair burden, and not through any predilection for their trade, that he determined to relieve them from their licence. Subsequent representations that unlicensed hawkers would probably add to their legitimate business a traffic in stolen goods were properly met, not by the retention of the tax, but by an arrangement with the HOME SECRETARY that a police licence should still be required, on the payment, when it is granted, of a nominal fee. At some future time relief will probably be extended to auctioneers, or rather to those who have occasion to buy and sell by auction. Licences for the practice of particular occupations are essentially anomalous, and the Stamp Acts provide sufficient impediments in the form of taxation to the free transfer of property.

It is to be hoped that a discussion on the payment of the National Debt will take place after the recess. There are few financial questions on which more general misapprehension prevails; and Mr. LOWE, as well as Mr. GLADSTONE, is not exempt from a suspicion of heterodoxy. No sufficient reason can be given for an attempt to effect the operation either on a large or a small scale. The small Sinking Fund which is incidentally provided by the difference between estimates and results affords the only legitimate method of reducing the debt. If there were no debt to deal with, a prudent Chancellor of the Exchequer would leave a considerable margin in his calculations to cover unforeseen contingencies; and if, like the reapers of Boaz, he intentionally flings in a few extra handfuls of casual surplus, no practical harm is done. The mischief begins when he deliberately appropriates a part of the estimated surplus to the payment of debt rather than to the relief of the taxpayer, yet plausible arguments may be urged in support of the American plan of systematically maintaining a surplus for the purpose of reducing the principal of the debt. The plan of substituting terminable annuities for perpetual obligations, though it has found favour with all recent Chancellors of the Exchequer, is indirect, unscientific, and wasteful. Mr. GLADSTONE began the practice while he laboured under a temporary delusion about coal; Mr. DISRAELI and Mr. HUNT followed his example, for the purpose of conciliating Mr. GLADSTONE; and Mr. LOWE has adopted the plan as cordially as if it were an original crotchet of his own. As capitalists with better judgment than that of the Ministers for the most part declined to deal in terminable annuities, Mr. LOWE has appropriated to the purpose a portion of the funds of the Savings' Banks, over which he has absolute control. The operation can fortunately not be repeated, and before any further experiments of the kind are tried it would be well for Mr. LOWE to consider whether it is worth while to cheat the country and the House of Commons into the establishment of a Sinking Fund. The estimates of expenditure are every year swelled by the difference between the interest of Terminable Annuities and the dividend on Consols; or, in other words, the community is taxed for a circuitous and wasteful method of paying off debt, because it is arbitrarily assumed that it would not consent to do the same thing in a cheap and straightforward manner.

#### POSITION OF THE FRENCH LIBERALS.

AS the plébiscite and its accompaniments recede a little from the eye, we begin to get a clearer view of the true proportions of the counter-revolution it has effected in France. At first the magnitude of the defeat which it inflicted on the Liberal party swallowed up all other considerations. The friends of the climber who falls just as his foot is on the summit may be excused if in the first bitterness of disheartenment they hardly notice whether he has rolled to the bottom or been stopped half-way down. And the fall of the

French Liberals was precisely of this kind. For some time no one believed that their triumph would be more than momentary, but as months passed and each apparently found the constitutional system more firmly settled, and the EMPEROR'S acquiescence in it more genuine and definite, it became daily harder to maintain this sceptical attitude. The transition Cabinet gave place to M. ÉMILE OLLIVIER, and M. ÉMILE OLLIVIER, after seeming to fight against his fate, consented to M. DARU'S terms, and took office as the Minister of a majority in which the Liberal element had an influence quite out of proportion to its numerical strength. M. DARU'S speech and the disquieting rumours that followed it did but serve to present the prospects of the party in a still more assured light. The EMPEROR had as it were been challenged to deny that his Government had become constitutional, and had suffered the assertion to pass without contradiction. Nothing was wanted but a Reform Bill which had been promised, and a dissolution which must inevitably follow it, to invest the Government with a substantially Parliamentary character. The ascent seemed as good as accomplished. It was in this very moment of just pride and excusable self-congratulation that the reverse came, and the work of eleven months was undone in as many days. The Ministers who had given the Cabinet its strength and distinctiveness retired from office; the Corps Législatif was relegated to its old insignificance, and virtually bidden to keep silence while its masters were speaking; the first principles of representative government were set at defiance by the superiority assigned to votes which had been preceded by no deliberation and admitted of no qualification. So far as the present, or even the immediate future, is concerned, no more decisive overthrow could have been conceived. Personal government, of which the Liberal party thought they had seen the last, turns out to have been only biding its time that it might lay its plans more surely. NAPOLEON III. rules France by the same title, and substantially in the same fashion, as he ruled it a year ago. He has changed his instrument it is true, but the hand which guides it has not changed, and M. OLLIVIER is only M. ROUCHER with a superficial varnish of Liberalism super-added to suit the taste of the moment. And even the varnish has already begun to peel off. M. OLLIVIER can still talk, when it serves his purpose, of the obligation laid upon the Cabinet to redeem every pledge it has given; but even the announcement itself implies an entire forgetfulness of one at least of the promises referred to. "To carry out our programme," said the Minister some days ago, "we have before us the five 'years that the Legislature has to run.'" Considering the conditions under which the present Chamber was notoriously elected, and the consequent smallness of its claim to any really representative character, this is as impudent a statement as could have been ventured on by the most Imperialist of M. OLLIVIER'S predecessors.

If ever, therefore, it were permissible to despair of the victory of sound principles in politics, the friends of the French Liberals might have been allowed to do so after the declaration of the plébiscite. And yet the situation, when looked at all round, is not so hopeless as we are naturally disposed to think it. Perhaps Sebastopol never seemed so strong as when the news came that it had not been taken after the Alma. The Liberal party in France is in something the same position as the allied armies in September 1854. The belief that they had already carried the fortress has proved to be false, and they have many weary days to spend in the trenches before the enemy capitulates. And yet, though compared with two months ago their prospects are dreary enough, they are brighter by a great deal than they were two years ago. No doubt the change from avowed absolutism to nominal constitutionalism has its own special danger. It tends to disarm the hostility of moderate politicians, and so to deprive any really Liberal movement of many of its natural supporters. To this, however, it may be answered that the Government is pretty certain to haul down the misleading colours it at present affects; and, further, that there are advantages in the change which go far to compensate for this drawback. The first of these is the impression of the EMPEROR'S weakness. He has played his cards with great cleverness, but he has been forced to play for no smaller stake than the continuance of his own power. The prestige which once surrounded him has been shattered by the discovery that the whole strength of the Administration could only give him a bare majority in the Parliamentary election of 1869, and did not prevent a respectable minority from voting "No" in the plébiscite of 1870. This may seem but a small matter; but in fighting a battle of this kind small gains are not to be despised, and the

knowledge that the enemy has sustained substantial losses—losses of which his own tactics show him to be keenly conscious—will certainly count for something in the long run. In the next place, the French Liberals are freed from their embarrassing alliance with the Napoleonic dynasty. They are not to be blamed for having been ready to enter into it, since the conduct of the EMPEROR in the early weeks of the present year seemed to leave them no option in the matter. He had not been content with meeting them half way; he had crossed the whole interval which separated him from them, and after such an apparently frank surrender of all the prerogatives against which the Opposition had protested, no choice was left them but to receive the penitent into their favour. Still, notwithstanding the many advantages his conversion promised them, there was a natural incongruity between Bonapartism and freedom which could hardly fail to have given rise to misconceptions. Now at all events the straightforwardness of M. DARU and his friends is placed beyond impeachment, and this does not cease to be an advantage in itself because it has been purchased by the loss of a greater advantage. Another gain is the discredit which has fallen upon plébiscites and all their accompaniments. The extreme section of French Liberals have shown a happy inconsistency in the attitude they have lately taken up on this subject. They have been confronted with their own favourite doctrine of an omniscient and infallible populace, and forced to own, at least in practice, that they are but half and half believers in their own sermons. Down to this year the results of the plébiscite of 1851 were accounted for by this school of politicians on the theory of virtual compulsion. The master of so many legions was not to be contended with even at the ballot-box, and the 8,000,000 votes which condoned the *coup d'état* represented simply the impotence of an enslaved nation. There is no room for holding this theory now. After making every allowance for administrative pressure, it cannot be doubted that the recent vote does virtually embody the wishes of the majority of Frenchmen. It necessarily follows, therefore, that the sovereign people are extremely ignorant of political truth, and not preserved by any supernatural agency from exhibiting their ignorance by their acts. The recognition of these facts must operate beneficially for what its enemies call Parliamentarism. The discovery that the people is made up of units, and that in proportion as these units are ignorant and prejudiced the vote of the aggregate multitude will be characterized by the same defects, may seem a slight matter to those who have never been under the dominion of the opposite theory; but to those who have been enthralled by it, it must be a real, if painful, enlightenment. Some traces of it are plainly discernible in M. GAMBETTA's recent speech at Marseilles. When a democratic Republican inculcates the duty of conciliating the middle class and convincing the peasantry that the interests of all Frenchmen are really identical, there is some hope of his being led on to see that the fears which he deprecates are most dangerous when they are best founded, and that the first step towards making socialist theories less terrible to the propertied classes is to deprive them of their socialist character.

How far these possibilities will become facts depends to a great extent on the capability of French Liberals for laying aside cherished prejudices. The main hope of the party lies in the union of its members, and the defection of so large a number to that cross between Liberalism and Absolutism of which M. OLLIVIER may claim to be the breeder, makes it all the more important that those who have not been thus deluded should review the differences which keep them asunder, under the influence of a practical desire to minimize them as far as possible without sacrificing principle. If the French Liberals could approach the inquiry into what is essential and what is accidental, what substance and what form, in their several creeds in a rational and unbiassed temper, there is much in the aspect of affairs from which they might draw encouragement and hope.

#### THE ECCLESIASTICAL TITLES ACT.

THE Ecclesiastical Titles Act will probably at last be repealed, though the House of Lords scarcely likes the operation. The long preamble of Lord KIMBERLEY's short Bill expresses with cumbrous accuracy the ordinary feeling of Englishmen about the high-sounding titles of Romish ecclesiastics. Whereas the Ecclesiastical Titles Act was passed in 1851, and the Irish Church Disestablishment Act in 1869, and whereas no foreign prince or potentate has any sort of right to confer rank and precedence in England, and yet whereas it is not worth while to impose penalties on those

who assume such rank or precedence, therefore the Ecclesiastical Titles Act is repealed, but such repeal shall not be deemed to authorise the titles which will cease to be penal. Two or three years ago Lord GRANVILLE announced that he was obstinately impenitent for his share in a measure which was simply an embodiment of mistaken popular clamour; and it was probably to avoid the inconvenience of avowing his conversion that he devolved on Lord KIMBERLEY the duty of proposing the repealing Bill. The anomaly might perhaps have lasted for some time longer but for the reason which forms the second recital of the preamble. By the abolition of their connexion with the State, the Irish Protestant bishops have fallen, or will shortly fall, under the operation of the law. Existing incumbents, indeed, are allowed to retain their titles; but their successors will be not only extra-constitutional, but penally titular. One bishop who has been appointed since the passing of the Act is at present a dignitary of the Established Church, but after January next he will be unknown to the law except as a possible object of a suit for penalties by the ATTORNEY-GENERAL. As it was not the intention of Parliament to punish future Irish bishops for retaining the titles of their sees, it becomes necessary to introduce a relief Bill, which probably could not be passed if its provisions were not extended to the Roman Catholic hierarchy in Ireland. It is not proposed to repeal the section of the Catholic Emancipation Act by which Roman Catholic prelates are prohibited from assuming the titles of English sees. Assuredly there was never an odder piece of legislation than the Act of 1851, if it is compared with the mischief against which it was popularly supposed to guard. The POPE and Cardinal WISEMAN, two of the vainest of men, and both almost equally ignorant of the temper of the English nation, had announced in bombastic phrase that the most flourishing kingdom of England was to be reclaimed to the dominion of the Holy See by the appointment of bishops with fixed dioceses and territorial titles; yet the law of the land was so far respected that the real English sees were not infested by irregular occupants. Nothing was done about Ireland, where the Roman Catholic bishops, unlike their new English colleagues, exercised undoubted power, although they possessed no legal jurisdiction. Nevertheless the Act prohibited the assumption of diocesan titles in any part of the United Kingdom, except that the Nonconformist bishops of the Anglican Church in Scotland were allowed an anomalous exemption from penalties. If it were proper to attach a penalty to the assumption of unauthorized titles, the Scotch bishops are on exactly the same footing with their Roman Catholic rivals. In both instances a title has been conferred, as far as it has been conferred at all, if not by prince or potentate, yet by some other person or persons than the Sovereign of this realm. It is more reasonable to abolish the penalties than to extend a special immunity to the Irish Protestant bishops.

The contemptuous repudiation of foreign titles which is twice repeated in the Bill affirms a sound doctrine which is too often disregarded in English society. Good breeding requires the most liberal recognition of foreign precedence, but on the condition that it is only claimed by foreigners. Though travellers in Russia always assert that the indigenous title translated as "prince" implies no exalted rank, Russian princes swarm over Europe by dozens without incurring the risk of any troublesome inquiry into their pretensions. Mr. DISRAELI's Prince of SAMOS would find acceptance in London even if he were not fabulously rich, although it is difficult to conjecture whether his rank was Turkish, or Greek, or a result of spontaneous generation. English subjects ought to understand that, if they have not the good fortune to be English peers, they must be content to be English commoners. The claim of The MULLIGAN or The MACTAVISH to an hereditary dignity not known to the framers of the Table of Precedence is too readily admitted; and the titles of foreign baronies are in one or two cases improperly allowed to confer rank and precedence on Englishmen. The Orontes of foreign dignities and decorations would long ago have overflowed into the Thames but for the patriotic vigilance of the Lord Chamberlain's Office. Fortunately a sham baron or baronet, or a Scotch or Irish chief, must despoil himself of his gewgaws before he enters the Royal presence. When a Monsignore once contrived to smuggle his alien designation through a levée, a special Gazette was published on the following day for the purpose of cancelling the presentation. There is reason to fear that the same austere functionary who interfered on that occasion will hereafter exclude with impartial rigour Protestant and Catholic bishops and archbishops if they assume titles not conferred by



the Crown. He would assuredly refuse to admit by his title of office an English or Irish Cardinal, notwithstanding the precedent which the Duke of ABERCORN attempted to establish at Dublin. The POPE has no right to give rank or title to an English subject except within his own dominions. The numerous Englishmen who have acquired titles in foreign countries have never been allowed precedence in England. If the Duke of WELLINGTON, the Duke of MARLBOROUGH, and Lord NELSON had lost their English peerages, they would not be allowed to appear at Court as princes or grandees of Spain, of Germany, or of Italy.

To break the butterfly on the wheel of legislation, instead of whisking it away with the wand of the LORD CHAMBERLAIN, was a grave mistake, but in 1850 and 1851 the bulk of the English community went mad, and the majority of both Houses deliberately pretended to share the delusion. In mapping out England into dioceses the POPE anticipated the ambitious tea-dealer who, in his charts exhibited at railway stations, similarly parcels out the country into districts supplied by his respective agents. For the purposes of either projector, the nation is supposed to be organized for the exclusive object of procuring pure tea or pure doctrine; but in fact the administration of counties and boroughs and parishes is not in the smallest degree affected, nor are residents and travellers for the most part even cognizant of the operations of the commercial or spiritual advertiser. The teadealer would wish no better recommendation for his goods than an Act of Parliament compelling him, under penalties, to alter in some way the trade-mark of his chests and canisters. The English Roman Catholics suffered no molestation from the Act, although they must have been conscious of the unpopularity which they incurred through Cardinal WISEMAN's silly bluster. The Irish prelates were justly offended by the vicarious penalties which were nominally imposed on their body. The change of policy which was introduced by Cardinal CULLEN would probably have prevailed even if no provocation had been offered, but it has found some excuse in the provisions of the Ecclesiastical Titles Act. The repeal will not convince Cardinal CULLEN that Fenians are worse than Freemasons, but it may deprive him of a plausible pretext for invectives against England. The grounds on which the Act ought to be repealed, and on which it ought never to have been passed, are not altogether flattering to ecclesiastical pride. With the rules, with the forms, and with the dogmas of the Roman Catholic Church, the State of England is absolutely unconcerned. It may be that the influence of the Church is beneficial or injurious, but there is no middle course between active control and total avoidance of intervention.

LORD KIMBERLEY's protest against the spirit of the Roman Catholic Church and against the tendencies of the Roman Council was natural, irrelevant, and out of place. It is necessary for purposes of Government to assume that all men have equal rights, whatever may be their religious opinions, and if human ingenuity could devise a more monstrous fiction than Papal infallibility LORD KIMBERLEY would have, not to believe it, but to legislate without reference to the mendacity or incredibility of the doctrine. The POPE lately assured a devoted crowd of well-dressed disciples, many of them belonging to the English upper class, that nearly all the principles of modern civilization were false. It is well known that he includes in the condemnation Parliamentary government, and nearly everything which honest and reasonable men value in political life; but unless LORD KIMBERLEY can prevent the POPE from talking nonsense, or the POPE's adherents from professing to accept his teachings, he must act as if infallibility were a tenable or possible proposition. Every religious association resents external criticism by rallying against intruders, even round its own most extreme and intolerant section. No Roman Catholics have so much reason to deprecate Protestant bigotry as those who are most resolute in resisting the new-fangled extravagances of Rome and Westminster. One of the best Roman Catholic laymen has just been lost to the House and the country. SIR JOHN SIMEON, though an earnest believer in his adopted creed, was, after as before his conversion to the Roman Catholic Church, above all things a loyal English gentleman. Simple and manly, and overflowing with the courtesy of a kindly disposition, he achieved by his personal popularity the exceptional distinction of representing an independent English constituency. No other Roman Catholic has during twenty years obtained a similar victory over prejudice, and few have deserved so well to succeed. Regarded with coldness by the fanatics and zealots of his Church, he did good service by proving that religious differences do not necessarily divide society into hostile sections.

#### THE EDUCATION BILL.

NOW that the Government amendments in the Education Bill have been made public, and some indications have been given of the temper in which they will be received by the Liberal minority, it may be convenient to review the question in the light supplied by the intermittent discussions of the last three months. According to the Government scheme public elementary schools will in future be divisible into three classes—voluntary schools in receipt of aid from the Parliament grant, voluntary schools in receipt of aid from local rates as well, and schools established and supported by the School Boards. In the case of all these the Government Bill provides that the consciences of parents shall be protected by the imposition of a conscience clause as an indispensable condition of receiving public money. The controversy arising out of Mr. DIXON's amendment on the second reading related mainly to the third class of schools. The power given to the School Boards to determine what religion should be taught in the schools set up by them was attacked on grounds both of convenience and of principle. As to the first, it was said that, in every town where religious partisanship is at all pronounced, or religious parties at all balanced, the election of every member of the Council which has to appoint the School Board will be hotly contested from purely theological motives. As to the second, it was maintained that the principle of religious equality is violated by a measure which compels people to pay for the teaching of creeds from which they conscientiously dissent. If this latter objection is applicable to any class of public elementary schools it must be applicable to all three. Whether the teaching of a creed which is not my creed be altogether or only in part paid for out of my pocket, and whether the sum taken out of my pocket for this purpose be called income-tax or education-rate, can make no difference to the principle involved. In the first instance, however, the Liberal minority, with the inconsistency characteristic of Englishmen, limited their opposition to cases in which the school is established and supported by the School Board, and on this particular point we have all along been in accidental agreement with them. We hold that, so far as denominational education can be preserved without detriment to the national character of the system and to the conscientious rights of parents, it ought to be preserved as in itself a better thing than undenominational education, but then we believe that this object would be more certainly secured by making the schools established and supported by the School Boards necessarily secular. The operation of such a provision, taken in conjunction with the other parts of the Bill, would have been this. Every School Board would have been forced to choose between founding a purely secular school of its own and giving impartial assistance to all existing schools which are willing to accept a conscience clause. Taking into account the dislike entertained by a majority of Englishmen to the avowed exclusion of religion in any form from primary schools, we are convinced that the preference of the School Boards would in most cases have been given to this latter course. If, on the contrary, they have the power of founding religious schools of their own, they will be likely, at least in the towns, to satisfy their unintelligent respect for religion and their equally unintelligent dislike of Denominationalism by providing for the reading of the Bible without note or comment. The result, we fear, will be that under this part of the Bill the substantial victory will be with the Secularists, a victory which they will be the more likely to abuse from the consciousness of having sustained a technical defeat. The true policy of the Denominationalists would have been to have worked to the utmost the clause empowering School Boards to give assistance to voluntary schools, and to have abandoned the schools founded by the School Boards as positions which do not admit of being defended.

Nothing that has been said on either side has shaken our belief that the Denominationalists, and especially the Church of England, would have been well advised in accepting the substance of Mr. DIXON's amendment. But it was obvious from the beginning that, unless the Denominationalists were prepared to take this line, the Government had no alternative but to adhere to their own proposal. Any other course would have been fatal alike to their own character and to the passing of the Bill. If Mr. GLADSTONE had retreated in alarm at the demonstration of the advanced Liberals in support of Mr. DIXON's amendment, he would virtually have resigned the conduct of Liberal policy on a question of primary importance to a triumvirate composed of Mr. DIXON, Mr. FAWCETT, and Mr. WINTERBOTHAM. None of these gentlemen are at all disinclined to take their ell whenever they are given their

inch, and we may be sure that, when they had once been constituted a supreme junta in educational matters, they would not have been content with forbidding the School Boards to found new denominational schools. The prohibition would certainly have been extended to giving aid to existing denominational schools, and it would probably have been made to include aid from the Parliamentary grant as well as from local rates. The character and purpose of the Bill would thus have undergone a radical change. Instead of being designed to extend and supplement Denominational education, it would have aimed at absorbing and supplanting it. A measure of this sort would have encountered the hostility of a united Opposition, reinforced by a Liberal secession far more formidable than that threatened by Mr. FAWCETT. The only means by which the secularization of rate-supported as opposed to rate-aided schools could have been secured without provoking these consequences, was the creation of a conviction on the part of the Denominationalists themselves, that the cause they have at heart would really be promoted by the modification of the Bill in that sense. As soon as it became obvious that no such conviction could be called forth, it became obvious also that the policy we have advocated was impracticable.

Although, therefore, we should have preferred to see the Government Bill amended in the sense of Mr. Dixon's amendment, if it could have been done at the instigation of the Denominationalists, we have no difficulty in giving a hearty support to the measure as it stands. As far as principle is concerned, Mr. FORSTER is quite right in leaving the School Boards elected by the parents in each district free to determine what religion shall be taught in their own schools. In advocating the withholding of this liberty, we were simply waiving the principle in order to obtain a practical result which should be more completely in accord with it. Now that this result has proved to be unattainable, there is no inconsistency in opposing the very change which we formerly were willing to accept. One and the same proposal may bear a very different meaning according as it is accepted as a compromise or insisted on as a matter of justice. To say that religion may profitably be excluded from rate-supported schools because the number of rate-aided schools in which it is taught will thereby be increased, is a perfectly different thing from saying that religion ought to be excluded from rate-supported schools because no man should be compelled to pay for religious teaching from which he conscientiously dissents. The first is the view which we have unavailingly maintained until now; the second is a doctrine which would give a single Secularist an absolute veto on the educational system of the whole country. As against this latter kind of opposition the Government measure has our hearty good wishes. The notion that the application of public money to the creation and maintenance of such denominational schools as will accept an effective conscience clause is incompatible with religious equality, is unsound from first to last. The secularist suffers nothing from the fact that his child comes home from school an hour earlier than the rest, or goes there an hour later. Every child in the school receives precisely the same amount of secular instruction; the only difference between them is that the majority of the children receive, in addition, an hour's instruction which the minority regard as useless, if not positively mischievous. There is no appreciable increase in the cost of the secular instruction by reason of this religious addition. The Secularist or the Dissenter is not asked to give the clergyman of the parish so much per head for every child taught by him; he is only asked to pay his share of the salary of the ordinary schoolmaster—a salary which would in all probability be expressed in precisely the same figures supposing this part of his duties to be excused him. It is intelligible, of course, that those who hold that it is wrong to promote the teaching of a religion other than your own, even to people who accept it as true, should take this extreme line; but in that case we should have to alter our practice on other points besides education. We should have, for instance, to give up paying prison and workhouse chaplains, because the salary of the one comes out of the taxes, and the salary of the other out of the poor-rate. What is the inducement to adopt this bigoted sectarianism, which can see nothing but error and wickedness in every creed but its own? Of the particular amendments which stand in Mr. FORSTER's name, only one touches this part of the subject. The introduction of what is called the "Time Table Conscience Clause" involves no change of any great moment. The assignment of a given hour to religious instruction, and the provision that this hour shall be either at the end or at the beginning of the ordinary

school business, or at both, merely anticipates what any school manager wishing to work a conscience clause fairly would probably have arranged of his own accord; and as such it is better to incorporate it in the Bill. When the amendment comes to be scrutinized by experts it may possibly turn out not to be free from difficulties of detail, but these will probably be of a nature which will easily be removed by a little doctoring in Committee.

#### NEWSPAPER GARBAGE.

IT won't do. The daily newspapers, in reply not so much, I or not only, to what, under this title, we urged last week in connexion with the reports of the examination of BOULTON and PARK at Bow Street, as to the indignant remonstrances of all decent people, have astutely enough raised a false issue. But again we say—It won't do. The *Daily Telegraph* and the *Times*—we regret to speak of these two journals in the same breath—have published articles on the subject. We propose first to deal with the *Times*. Now on the *Times* rests the gravest responsibility. We have occasion, not very unfrequently, to disagree with the *Times* on many public matters, and we use the freedom with which we canvass all other literature in discussing historical and other topics specially or incidentally handled by writers in the *Times*. But all of us are proud of the *Times*. Its conductors are above ignoble influences, and its general circulation—if mere circulation were a sordid motive ever presented to its management, which it is not—is such that it need be under no apprehensions of loss were it to pay that tribute to public decency and that reverence for the simplest propriety which we demand at its hands. Our complaint is that the *Times* ought to have suppressed the details of this disgusting case. We say that by suppressing something newspapers admit their duty to suppress whatever grossly offends decency. The *Times* and the daily press of London therefore stand convicted of a wanton and unnecessary offence on their own showing, and in this instance they have violated a rule of propriety which in other cases not worse than this they do observe. We urge further that as scores of filthy cases tried at the Criminal Courts are as a matter of fact suppressed, so much of this case ought to have been suppressed. We say that justice is not furthered, nor the interests either of the prosecution or the accused advanced, by the publicity given to these nauseous details. What we assert is that there is no possible gain to anybody secured, and a serious injury to all inflicted. Our contention is very simple, and we desire it not to be obscured by a cloud of irrelevant dust. We do not say that such proceedings should take place in private; we do not say that perfect silence should be kept in the newspapers about the existence of such charges; but what we do say is that it is a public wrong to publish what has been published.

Now what says the *Times*? It produces a very commonplace homily on the scandal given by an association of young men who, if not guilty of the most frightful immorality, have without doubt committed a flagrant social outrage on common decency. This is all very well, and amounts to very little. *Quis negat*? But what we are talking about is the propriety of publishing all about it. At this point the *Times* glances askance and with very averted eyes; in a word, shirks the accusation brought against it. The *Times* admits by implication the evil done, but piously trusts that there will be as little as possible of it for the future. The case is disgusting; let us hope that it will be shortened. In public interests the *Times* trusts that what has lingered for a whole month at Bow Street will be shortened and compressed at the Old Bailey. What the *Times* hopes will be done next month at the Old Bailey we say ought to have been done last month at Printing House Square. Out of their own mouth, &c. If there has been a shock to public feeling, who has caused it? "There is nothing we would more willingly forget." Who has published what everybody ought to forget? The worst of it is that the *Times*, in the very act of regretting the injury done to public morals, promises by implication to repeat its offence. "If the prosecution can hasten its further inquiries, and can compress its evidence, it will be doing a vast public service. . . . A month the case has lingered in the police-court; there is reason to fear it will run to an extraordinary length at the Old Bailey." If this has any meaning, it promises that the *Times* will run *pari passu* with the case. If the case can be shortened, the *Times*' report will be shortened; if not, not. This assumes that a full report of the trial *must* be given, and



that the *Times* means to give it. We trust that this intention, promise, threat—what shall we call it?—will be reconsidered by the honourable persons who conduct the *Times*.

Nor are we at all satisfied with the indirect argument implied by the *Times*. The *Times* hopes that the case will be shortened, not in the interests of justice, but because it hopes not to have to publish much more about the matter; but it implies that a necessity is still laid upon it of publishing whatever is produced in the Criminal Court, and it trusts that what is produced in the Criminal Court will be as little as possible. Now we wish no such thing, and we maintain that the more fully the case is gone into, the more thoroughly every ramification of this detestable association can be detected, the more guilty persons, if they are guilty, who can be hunted down and punished, the more completely the plague can be stayed, and the social pestilence stamped out, the better—that is to say, the more searching, complete, and thorough the investigation the better. This is one thing, and to express this hope is by no means the same thing as to wish for the details of this horrible inquiry to be made public. Great wrong would be done if, in the interests of public decency now invoked much too late, the trial should be slurred over, the evidence be presented in an incomplete shape, or any effort foregone to ensure a conviction, or any mercy shown to the delinquents—if delinquents they are. No! we want no “inquiry hastened” and no “evidence compressed.” We have gone too far for that. The Crown has undertaken the gravest and most serious responsibility in this prosecution, and the Crown lawyers must not be swayed now by these considerations advanced by the *Times*. The proceedings must not be mutilated because the *Times* and the London press pretend to think they must report the case in full. We deny that the case ought to be reported in full; the *Times* says it must be reported in full; neither view justifies any tampering with or slurring over the evidence to be produced at the trial. What we would compress is not the evidence, but the report of the evidence.

With the *Daily Telegraph* we have small concern. On Monday last that journal contained as a matter of course a very high-toned and especially greasy article on fleshly sins in general, and a declaration that all the daily newspapers had, in treating the *BOULTON* and *PARK* case, been “carefully” edited, so as to exclude all objectionable details.” No doubt we and the *Daily Telegraph* differ about the objectionable character of these details, as we differ from the *Daily Telegraph* about other matters connected with the duties of newspaper proprietors and editors. We differ from the *Daily Telegraph* about its advertisement, on Monday, May 30, of “Mrs. DOCTOR Goss,” and also about two other advertisements, in which the names of *CURTIS* and *LA'MERT* occur, in its third advertising column of the same day, and which advertisements, we believe, are inserted regularly in every number of the *Daily Telegraph*; at any rate they have appeared in every number issued within the last ten days of the month of May. And we have another reason for declining any dispute with the *Daily Telegraph*. The *Daily Telegraph* is just now on its trial. A somewhat serious accusation has been made against that journal; that is to say, it would have been serious to any other newspaper than the *Daily Telegraph*, which does not disdain to gain a daily profit by advertising books of the most obscene and filthy character. A Mr. ORR, an advertising agent, stated at Guildhall that he had “put a certain class of advertisements” in the *Daily Telegraph* over and over again for 30s., and the certain class of advertisements was illustrated by the production of an advertisement headed “To Married Ladies only,” and describing the virtues—we mean vices—of a certain horrid compound sold by a Dr. BRUCE of Chicago, U.S. The assertion of this Mr. ORR, as described by the sitting magistrate, Sir ROBERT CARDEN, and which he, Sir ROBERT CARDEN, wished to be distinctly understood, was, “that the *Daily Telegraph*” would insert for 30s. an advertisement of the kind just read, “whereas an ordinary advertisement would cost 5s. They” would charge 30s. in consequence of its filthy nature. This “he (Sir ROBERT CARDEN) did not believe.” We adopt the report of the *Times* of May 31, for the *Telegraph* of June 1, having taken a day to chew over this very hard nut, contained a very brief report of this Mr. ORR's complaint, entirely omitting, which it did not do in the *BOULTON* and *PARK* case, the magistrate's extremely plain and offensive statement about the 30s. charge for indecent advertisements which, if decent and of the same length, would be charged only 5s. On May 31 Mr. MONTAGUE WILLIAMS, instructed by the head of the advertising department of the *Daily Telegraph*, attended at the Guildhall, and said that this particular advertise-

ment, “To Married Ladies only,” never had appeared in the *Telegraph*, and that all advertisements which could be traced to Mr. ORR had been excluded. Now, as we understand Mr. ORR, he asserted, not that this advertisement had been inserted, but that “such advertisements” were inserted in the *Telegraph*, and that when inserted they were charged for at the rate of 30s. On the next day, June 1, the irrepressible ORR reappeared at Guildhall, and “handed in a receipt for 20s. for the insertion in the *Daily Telegraph* of the following advertisement:—‘To Ladies only.—Dr. BRUCE, late of “the United States, is now in England. His pamphlet, “on all delicate and doubtful cases, sent post free for eight “stamps.—Address, Dorking, Surrey.’ This he (Mr. ORR) did in verification of his statement that he could procure the publication of objectionable advertisements in the *Daily Telegraph*.” Therefore it seems that Mr. ORR has proved that for 20s. the *Telegraph* did insert Dr. BRUCE's advertisement; and we want neither Mr. ORR nor anybody else to prove that an ordinary advertisement of four lines would only be charged five shillings. Now it is open to the *Telegraph* to show either that Mr. ORR has forged the receipt which he produced, or to say that the *Telegraph* took the 20s., and never inserted the advertisement; or that Dr. BRUCE's advertisement is not objectionable; and, finally, to tell us, if this advertisement, objectionable or not, was inserted in the *Telegraph*, why it was charged 20s. As the matter stands, it looks very much as if it were proved that the *Telegraph* does make a very fine profit indeed out of indecent advertisements. Lastly, if the *Telegraph* says nothing further on the matter—and it has said as little as could be said, and has at present said nothing either at Guildhall or in its own columns about Mr. ORR's repetition of his assertion, and has not reported half of what was stated at Guildhall—its silence, coupled with the notorious fact of the quack advertisements which appear in every number, will be still more curious and instructive than the sort of answer which it has already given to the particular statement of this Mr. ORR. Anyhow, will the *Telegraph* inform the public, as they can if they like produce the head of their advertising department, what they charge *CURTIS* and *LA'MERT* for their advertisements inserted regularly every day?

#### PLEASURE-TAKING.

PERHAPS the falsest of all the false aphorisms that have obtained a considerable currency in the world is that which asserts that no man is a hypocrite in his pleasures. Like other popular sayings, it is derived from a very superficial observation of certain obvious phenomena. A man takes to drinking in spite of the clearest warnings of his probable fate; he goes on drinking till he is utterly unable to break the bondage which he has himself created; at length he drinks himself into his grave, though he has clearly foreseen his probable fate, and is willing to admit that his conduct is utterly absurd, as well as exceedingly wicked. We say that he cannot be a hypocrite, because his only apparent motive is the satisfaction of an overpowering appetite, and he cannot be supposed to have encountered such evils knowingly to please any one but himself. When a man yields to such an irresistible impulse we must certainly admit that there is something genuine at the bottom of it. Nobody, it may be granted, will make such sacrifices without some very strong motive, which, in the case suggested, is probably a real craving for some kind of stimulant. Even in such a case, however, there is a certain mixture of reality and sham; a man drinks, or begins to drink, partly because it is the fashion of his friends, and he wishes to attain distinction in the only path which is open to him. It is difficult, and for many people impossible, to rise above their neighbours by intellectual or moral qualities, but almost anybody who chooses to do it may gain a certain kind of glory by unusual readiness to destroy the coats of his stomach. It frequently happens that a drunkard is simply a man of easily satisfied ambition, who takes the readiest path to eminence, and swills strong spirits because he cannot win glory by more legitimate methods. The feigned passion ultimately becomes a real one, but at its commencement it may be as hypocritical as any other abnormal eccentricity. The habitual drunkard may be the distortion of a village Hampden or a mute inglorious Milton, who has taken to the consumption of beer instead of patriotism or poetry. Some such reflection must have occurred to many people who have stood upon Epsom Downs during the past week. What proportion of the crowd went there because they really liked it, and what proportion because they only fancied that they must like what so many other people went to see? It is of course an inscrutable problem, and it is inscrutable precisely because, of all the habitual falsehoods that people tell, the most common are those which concern their pleasures. There would be some sense in saying that no man is a hypocrite in his business; because people are ready enough to admit that they go to the City or attend in chambers for many hours daily, not because they like it, but because they are bound by excellent reasons to

win their daily bread. But every man is too proud to admit that he seeks his amusement, although it does not amuse him, because somebody has told him that it ought to be amusing. The most familiar examples are sufficient to establish the fact. Take, for example, a crowd at an evening party. Nine men out of ten will frankly avow that they would have been much happier in their slippers, or at their club, smoking a cigar or reading a new book. They go in obedience to a tyranny which has become proverbial though they cannot precisely analyse its elements. Or look at the crowds which throng the Royal Academy. It would be a liberal computation to say that one man in ten has a real taste for art, or could express any unassisted opinion as to the merits of the rival pictures. But we all profess rather to like it than otherwise; and come home prepared to be discriminating critics, and to talk as if we had not yawned in spirit throughout our perambulation and resolved to escape at the first convenient opportunity. Such threadbare truths, and it would be needless to quote more, are sufficient to establish the fact that, if we are hypocritical anywhere, we are hypocritical when we pretend to be enjoying ourselves; and that the aphorism we have quoted may be set down with the equally preposterous aphorism that there is no disputing about tastes. There is nothing about which people dispute so often and so keenly, and there are no disputes which produce such a conscious sense of superiority in the persons concerned. A man who differs from us in politics or theology must be wicked; those who differ from us in matters of taste must be not only wicked, but fools; and, as a general rule, we hate fools more than we hate the wicked. At any rate we despise them more heartily, and contempt adds a bitter flavour to antipathies which would otherwise be comparatively harmless.

The philosophy of this curious phenomenon would deserve some examination. Why is it that we are so helpless when we are most left to our own devices, and so given to follow example in matters which only concern ourselves? If we would analyse the crowd which gathered last Wednesday at the Derby, we should first have to strike out the small number who came because they knew something about horse-racing, and the much larger number who came to pick up a living in one way or other. The first class may be supposed to form the nucleus of the crowd, and the last are the hangers-on, predatory and otherwise, who will naturally be found wherever any vast number of human beings are congregated together. But taking the great mass who know and care little about the proceeding which serves as a pretext for their gathering, we have to inquire what is the real attraction, and why they cannot find anything better. The only positive reason that is apparent is the pleasure of being in a vast crowd for a certain number of hours. One might have supposed that Londoners, of all people, would have had enough of that particular kind of amusement. Persons who can walk down the Strand every day of their lives need surely take no particular trouble to see a hundred thousand cockneys in a lump. The answer is, we imagine, that it is pleasant to be in a crowd, simply because a crowd forms spontaneously a kind of electric battery. The excitement which is naturally generated by the contact of human beings increases in a much greater ratio than the increase of numbers. An audience of two thousand people is, we may say roughly, four times as enthusiastic as an audience of one thousand. Without consciously plunging into any philosophical speculations, or asking how many of the beings within sight will be alive twenty or fifty years hence, a sensitive observer may be almost affected to tears by the spectacle of a huge mass of humanity. Thus, if we could credit many men with the poetical sense, it might be a sufficient explanation to say that the crowd goes to see itself. Persuade the inhabitants of London that on a given day a hundred thousand people will be collected on a given spot, and a hundred thousand more would doubtless come to see them without any assignable pretext. It is the simplest and most direct mode of obtaining excitement; and excitement, pure and simple, is a great object with those who, like most of us, are condemned to a monotonous and mill-horse round of existence. It is the same passion which is gratified by pure gambling. It may seem strange that a man should voluntarily put himself in a position of which the only peculiarity is that it is uncertain whether he will be utterly ruined or made twice as rich as before; and yet experience proves that for many men there is a strange charm in simple uncertainty. It is an escape, though by the simplest possible device, from stagnation, and stagnation is the one thing which is utterly unbearable. We enjoy any agitation for the sake of the agitation, and are glad to stir up a pool with a stick if we cannot get an angel to trouble the waters. But the other side of the problem is more puzzling. Admitting that we are in need of some kind of excitement, why cannot we discover some more positively agreeable means of producing it? To go and see a score of horses gallop for between two and three minutes seems to be rather a poor form of pleasure, even if a few people, whose names we scarcely know, and in whose fortunes we take the smallest possible interest, have a good deal of money depending upon which gallops fastest. What is it to us if A. B. has or has not to transfer fifty thousand pounds to C. D.? There is a well-known problem as to whether we would walk across the Strand if we knew that by so doing we should save the life of a Mandarin at Peking; certainly we should not do it to bring about a change in the Chinese Ministry; and to a great majority of the crowd at Epsom the question as to which ornament of the Turf is to receive and which is to lose the money has little more interest than

the question whether one collection of monosyllables or another is to be the name of the favourite of the Chinese Emperor.

The only way of discovering an answer is to think of the small number of pleasures which are open to mankind in general. The mass of mankind is pretty much in the position of the proverbial soap-maker who tried to set up as a country gentleman but was compelled to come back to town on boiling-days. We really do not know how to amuse ourselves, and are forced to snatch at the first pretext that offers itself, and to make believe very hard that we are really enjoying ourselves. It is a duty not as yet generally recognised to study the art of pleasure-hunting. Moralists have assumed that that is one of the tasks which may be left to the unprompted instincts of mankind, and that preachers should confine themselves chiefly to denouncing an excessive devotion to the pursuit. Yet it is obvious that this ascetic theory takes no notice of a most important deficiency in the characters of most men. We are no more capable of amusing ourselves than of fencing or playing the fiddle without careful training and long practice. If the object of moral teachers is to increase the sum of human happiness, they should certainly inculcate the cultivation of the faculties which are immediately pleasant to the individual as well as of those which are more indirectly profitable to his race. It is a very good thing to be scrupulously honest and industrious; but the most industrious and honest of men may lead a wretchedly bare and unprofitable life. Why should he not study the theory of deriving the greatest possible amount of innocent enjoyment from the world which he inhabits, as well as that of doing good to other people? Two practical rules would probably result from such an inquiry. The first would be the extreme importance to every man of providing himself with a good serviceable hobby. Whether he takes to art or literature or natural science, or even to athletic pursuits, he will be qualified to amuse himself; and the numbers of people who collect in crowds to see something in which they take the slightest possible interest is simply a proof of how many hobbyless wretches are still crawling about the world. Even a cultivated taste for cookery or wines is better than nothing, so long as it is kept within certain bounds, and not only provides a man with an interesting pursuit, but certainly promotes the comfort of his friends. We may admit indeed that this is at about the lowest limit of permissible pleasure-seeking; but it is a fair question for casuistry, whether a man would spend a day better in yawning about a race-course without any taste for horse-racing, or in pursuing with moderation a course of experimental inquiry into the art of dining. There is another rule, however, which is of equal importance, and may be more unreservedly stated. What an enormous advance would be at once made in the art of happiness if people could only be persuaded to a tolerable degree of sincerity! The principle would cut both ways. There are some things which everybody really likes, but for which, from some arbitrary fashion, it is customary to avow contempt; as there are many things which everybody hates, and yet which every one is afraid to denounce. One of the greatest impediments to sound art is that both artists and their admirers are so much inclined to adopt a style recommended by some preconceived theory as to overlook the important question whether they really give and receive pleasure. It is true that, when we know whether a poem or a picture pleases, there is a further question whether it ought to please; but when the habitual hypocrisy of mankind leaves us in complete uncertainty as to the first point, our subsequent theorizing is apt to be very unsatisfactory. There would be in one sense no disputing about tastes if we only knew which tastes were genuine, though we might still ask whether they were elevated; but as it is, the first, and often the utterly insoluble, question is, whether we really like a so-called pleasure or only persuade ourselves that we like it. If we could thoroughly cross-examine all persons who have been present at the Derby, and publish an accurate account of their answers, we should guess, judging from the settled gloom which was the prevalent expression of most countenances on the homeward road, that the attendance next year would be materially diminished. The simple satisfaction of being in a crowd would prove to have been purchased at too dear a rate, and the numbers on subsequent occasions would be thinned down to those who had some better cause for merriment. Meanwhile, such performances are likely to remain for many years to come as a standard illustration of the barrenness of the human imagination and the weakness of the pleasure-seeking faculties.

#### PRETTY WOMEN.

AFTER all, is the world so very absurd in its love of pretty women? Is woman so very ridiculous in her chase after beauty? A pretty woman is doing woman's work in the world, not making speeches nor making puddings, but making life sunnier and more beautiful. Man has forsworn beauty altogether. It is hopeless to recall the Periclean idea of manhood, to insist on the development of personal beauty as not less manly than that of personal virtue, to demand the grace of Canning from our statesmen or the dignity of Robertson from our divines. The world of action is a world of ugliness, and the good-looking fellow who starts for the prizes soon discovers what Madame de Girardin calls *le malheur d'être beau*. He is guessed to be frivolous, he is assumed to be poetic, there are whispers that his morals are no better than they should be. In a society resolute to be ugly there is no post for an Adonis but that of a model or a Guardsman. But woman does for mankind what man has ceased to do. She clings to the



Periclean ideal. Her aim from very childhood is to be beautiful. Even as a school-girl she notes the progress of her charms, the deepening colour of her hair, the growing symmetry of her arm, the ripening contour of her cheek. We watch with a silent interest the mysterious reveries of the maiden; she is dreaming of a coming beauty, and panting for the glories of eighteen. Insensibly she becomes an artist, her room a studio, her glass an academy. The hours work with her, but she works with the hours. What silent musings before her mirror, what dreams, what discoveries, what disappointments, what careful gleaning of experience, what sudden flashes of invention! The joy of her toilet is the joy of Raffaele over his canvas, of Michael Angelo before his marble. She is creating beauty in the silence and the loneliness of her chamber; she grows like any great art-creation, the result of patience, of hope, of a thousand delicate touchings and retouchings. But even to the Gioconda the moment of perfectness, of completion, comes at last; the master takes his work from the easel and gives it to the ages. Woman is never perfect; never complete. A restless night undoes the beauty of the day; sunshine blurs the evanescent colouring of her cheek; frost nips the tender outlines of her face into sudden harshness. Her pencil has ever to be at work even while the hours work for her, and the hours work against her at last. Care ploughs its lines across her brow; motherhood destroys the elastic lightness of her form; the bloom of her cheek, the quick flash of her eye, fade and vanish as the years go by. But woman is still true to her ideal. She won't know when she is beaten, and she manages to steal fresh victories even in her defeat. She invents new conceptions of womanly grace; she rallies at thirty, and fronts us with the beauty of womanhood; she makes a last stand at sixty with the beauty of age. It is the same great artist who exhibits year after year, but whose style ranges from the girlish innocence of a Fra Angelico to the severe matronage of a Zurbaran. She falls, like Cæsar, wrapping her mantle round her—"buried in woollen! 'twould a saint provoke!" Death listens pitifully to the longings of a lifetime, and the wrinkled face smiles back its last cold smile with something of the prettiness of eighteen.

Perhaps we enjoy beauty less than we might from the absurd connexion which men have established between the enjoyment of it and love. We fancy it impossible to care much about a pretty face unless we can hang it in our own gallery. "What care I how fair she be, so she is not fair to me!" It is perhaps truer to say that, nine-tenths of our enjoyment of beauty disappears with possession. The lover dwells on his mistress's face till he loses all sense of the world of beauty without it. He is like the connoisseur who so dotes on the little Correggio he has picked up for a song that he ceases to care for the larger range of art. The real way of enjoying pretty women would be never to fall in love with a pretty woman at all. The true joys of life are its unconscious joys, the pleasure we derive from the laughter of children, from the landscape that we drive dreamily through, from the music which we have not listened to. And so the truest enjoyment of beauty lies, not in the observation or analysis of this face or that, but in the sense of pretty forms and pretty faces about one. The joy of variety, the pleasure of the inexhaustible range of the beautiful, comes to the admirer of pretty women, never to the lover of pretty women. We are not quarrelling with the instinct which leads us through pretty faces into paths of domestic peace. It is often necessary to restrict one's sphere of enjoyment; and if one is absolutely obliged to marry, one had far better marry a pretty wife than an ugly one. The refinement which the student of art gains from constant contact with beauty of colour and form every one gains in some degree from daily contact with the beautiful in flesh and blood. Woman is the art of home, the Giorgione whose brilliancy flashes through the quiet parsonage, the Perugino whose grace tempers the roughness of every day, the Rubens whose largeness and abundance flings a glow of comfort and ease over the most ungenial career. Life becomes more harmonious, it beats with a keener pulse of enjoyment, in the presence of pretty women. After all, a charming little figure, a piquant little face, is the best remedy for half the ills of existence, its worries, its vexations, its dulness, its disappointments. And even in the larger and more placid types of beauty, in the beauty of a Lady Dumbello, if there is a tinge of stupidity, there is at any rate an atmosphere of repose, a genial influence moulding our social converse and habits into gentler shapes. It is amusing to see how the prettiness of woman tells on her dress, how the order and propriety of her dress tell on the home. The pursuit of beauty, the habit of prettiness, gives an ideal dignity to the very arrangement of her bonnet-strings. In every movement, in the very sweep of her ample folds, in the pose of her languor, in the gay start of her excitement, one feels the softening, harmonizing influence of her last look in the glass. She may be gay or sorrowful or quiet or energetic, but she must be pretty. Beauty exercises an imperceptible compulsion over her, which moulds her whole life into graceful and harmonious forms. Her dress rises out of the mere clothing of man into regions of science, of poetry, of art. A thousand considerations of taste, harmonies of colour, contrasts, correspondences, delicate adjustments of light and shade, dictate the choice of a shawl or the tint of a glove. And as prettiness tells on dress, it tells on the home. Flowers, pictures, the gay notes of a sonata, the coziest of couches, gorgeous hues of Indian tapestry, glasswork of Murano, a hundred exquisite something and nothings, are the natural setting of pretty women. The art of the boudoir tells on all but the chaos of the husband's study. Around

that last refuge of barbarism floats an atmosphere of taste and refinement in which the pretty little wife lives and moves and has her being. And from this tone of the home grows the tone of society, the social laws of good-humour, of propriety, of self-restraint, of consideration for others, of gentleness, of vivacity. The very hush of the rough tones that have thundered over Peloponnesse as Pericles bends over Aspasia, the little turns and delicacies of phrase, the joyous serfdoms and idlenesses of the manliest and most energetic of men, tell of the triumph of pretty woman.

It is a triumph purchased, like most triumphs, not without loss to the conqueror. There is a *malheur d'être belle* as well as a *bonheur*. Life, if it gains in delicacy, loses something in breadth and vigour from its very concentration. There is something terribly monotonous in the life of the pretty woman, in the daily battle with ennui and boredom. One ounce of real love would outweigh papa's pettings in childhood or mamma's fuss about her child's coming out. There are jealousies of the school-room and jealousies of the ball-room, little envies, little spite that line with thorns a path which seems strewn with roses. Then there is the plague of fops, the eternal circle of vapid admirers, the eternal drivel of men about town. The prettiest lips have pouted sometimes with a longing for the ugliness which secures their sisters a chat with a man of sense. The prettiest bosom has heaved a little rebelliously at the destiny that consigns it to the stupidest of eldest sons. Perhaps it might have been better to have been a little less charming and to have married that amusing younger brother with an income of a few hundreds a year. Sometimes, too, a pretty woman will sigh a little over the infinite littleness of her life, will long for the wider world of politics and effort from which her very prettiness and its train of results shuts her out. Marriage is a mere catastrophe, imprisoning her existence, restricting her to a single adorer in the place of a thousand. Then, too, the single adorer is so hard to keep, and the thousand are so easy to gain; and so begins the strife between pleasure and duty, the little warfare fought out under the watchful eyes of tattling dowagers and impertinent fribbles. And then comes the inevitable decay. It is easy to turn from the glass, but it is impossible to turn from the eyes that surround one, and every eye becomes a mirror in which the pretty woman reads the wreck of her charms. Younger rivals pass her by, the circle of adorers thins to a few bores and old beaux, men treat her to second-rate stories or talk with their eyes fixed on another corner of the room. There is a shade of impertinence in the address of the young Guardsman; wall-flowers claim her for their own. She has lived for a year or so, and her whole existence is a mere looking back to that year of life. Or it may be that her prettiness simply passes on from phase to phase, but even the prettiness of thirty-five, fascinating as it often is, seldom fascinates its possessor. She conquers new realms, but she fails to reconquer the old. She brings gushing undergraduates to her feet, her desk is stuffed with the lyrics of unwhiskered Strephons, but there is a terrible irony about it all, and she turns with a sense of the ridiculous from their sighs and protestations. She is beaten, and she knows it. Strephon has done enough if he has served to cover her retreat. Perhaps the one later prettiness that a woman feels to have real power, more real perhaps than the prettiness of youth, is the prettiness of old age. There is the charm of life's afterglow over the grey, quiet head, the pale, tender face, lit up with a sweetness, a pitifulness that only experience and sorrow can give. It is there, somehow, that we bring our troubles and find peace. It is there, at any rate, that we read a subtler and diviner beauty than in the rosy cheek of girlhood, a beauty spiritualized, mobile with every thought and emotion, yet restful with the rest of years. An infinite tenderness and largeness of heart, a dignity whose grace and naturalness robs it of all sense of restraint, a touch that has in it all the gentleness of earth, a smile that has in it something of the compassionateness of heaven, this is the apotheosis of Pretty Women.

#### PROGRESS OF THE DEBATE ON INFALLIBILITY.

THE Opposition in the Council shows no signs as yet of declension in moral or numerical force. It counts on 43 German and Hungarian bishops, 40 North Americans, 29 French, 4 Portuguese, and 10 Italians, to say nothing of Orientals, who are somewhat hampered by their inconvenient relations with the Propaganda. The attitude of the American bishops is especially noteworthy. Nearly all of them were at least inclined to be infallibilists when they arrived, but six months' residence at Rome has taught and untaught them many things. The crafty and despotic policy of the Curia, the fulsome adulation of "the Holy Father," and the shameless sophistry employed to get rid of all such historical difficulties as the notorious heresy of Pope Honorius, have worked a great revolution in their feelings. And to many of them who are of Irish extraction it is no unimportant consideration that, as Alexander VI. in the plenitude of his divine authority presented America to the Spaniards, so did Adrian IV. bestow Ireland on the English Sovereign. Several of these prelates, and especially Archbishop Kenrick of St. Louis, who directly challenges the authority of the Council, have written against infallibilism since arriving at Rome, and have produced a great impression. Even the Cardinals, who might be considered the natural protectors of a dogma which is, one may say, the invention and peculiar property of the Sacred College, are far from being unanimous in its favour. In regard to the foreign Cardinals, Rauscher, Schwarzenberg, Hohenlohe, Mathieu, and others, this

has long been notorious. Cardinal Mathieu, who is anything but an ardent Liberal, went so far as to say the other day, "On veut jeter l'Eglise dans l'abîme; nous y jeterons plutôt nos cadavres." But even among the Italian Cardinals there are known to be some who would gladly be rid of the proposed dogma, though they dare not risk their whole future at Rome by speaking their minds openly on the subject. And indeed so little influence have the Sacred College even at Rome now that Pius IX. has not once summoned them to meet for six months past. Antonelli, and a few other favourite prelates, and the Jesuits of the *Civiltà*, are his real counsellors. To the moral force of the minority is opposed the numerical preponderance of what is to a great extent little better than an illiterate rabble, who simply follow the orders of their master. There is the whole tribe of missionary bishops and Vicars Apostolic, who are appointed and can be deposed by the Propaganda, and must vote just as they are told. The Orientals have experienced something of Cardinal Barnabo's tender mercies to those who prove recalcitrant. And then there is the compact mass of some 120 bishops for the Italian kingdom, 143 for the States of the Church, and 120 titulars created by the present Pope—most of them since the indication of the Council—who have no dioceses, and represent nobody but themselves. These Italians, it must be remembered, are proof against Roman fever, and it would be easy enough, should that course appear the most convenient, to prolong the infallibility debate till the heat has driven all the foreign prelates out of Rome, and so to carry the new dogma by the unanimous vote of those present. The religious aspect of the question, as it presents itself to the leading Protestant Power of the Continent, is expressed with admirable terseness and moderation in the despatch of Count Arnim, under date of April 23, which has lately found its way into the papers. "In Germany," he observes, "Catholic and non-Catholic Christians ought to live side by side in peace. Under the influence of daily intercourse and habitual contact a state of feeling has grown up which, without effacing their differences, has at last brought together the divided confessions in a way encouraging the hope that a day may come when all the living forces of Christianity will be united in one common resistance to the errors at present exercising so detrimental an influence on the religious sentiment of the world." But this salutary movement will, adds the writer, be violently arrested if opinions combated by the German bishops, and at issue with the convictions of their flocks, are imposed by the Council as a rule of faith and conduct on the Catholic world.

And now it is time to say something of the progress of the debate. During the first week the Archbishops of Vienna, Prague, Gran, Paris, Antioch, and Tuam spoke against the definition. To say that they had reason, Scripture, and tradition conspicuously on their side is to say nothing as to the immediate effect of their discourses; what is important is that they made their strength felt, and won over doubters and waverers to their side. This has only served to increase the passion and obstinacy of the Curia party, who have now entirely dropped all semblance of the polished courtesy for which Rome used to be famous. They openly treat the Opposition bishops as heretics, and the Commission observes, in reply to their comments, that infallibility cannot be impugned without incurring ecclesiastical censures, and that the time for scientific and historical arguments against it is past. Meanwhile the majority are divided, and some would be glad to hit on a compromise, but the larger section of them are resolved on giving no quarter. Ignorant and illiterate as most of them are—we gave some characteristic specimens of their arguments last week—they are led by men of cool and calculating heads. At their head stands Archbishop Manning, in close alliance with the Jesuits, who has taken his stand on the fundamental principle that the Pope is infallible, independently of and "apart from" the Episcopate. To this programme Pie, Patrizzi, and Dechamps have given their adherence, though not without some misgivings. But in fact nothing less than this will answer the purpose aimed at. The entire emancipation of the Papacy from the Episcopate, its absolute independence and autocracy, is the very turning-point of the whole controversy, and this alone will satisfy the object for which the Council was summoned. Few even of the Opposition bishops have distinctly recognised the crucial principle that even Councils require for their validity the general reception of the Church, nor has that question yet been brought into debate. Dechamps was the most effective speaker on the infallibilist side, but he contented himself with denouncing rather than refuting the Opposition. They were "bad Christians," "not walking in the fear of God." Pie of Poitiers followed in the same line. In like manner Dr. Manning maintains that, directly the decree is promulgated, all who refuse to succumb to the majority which has outvoted them should be excommunicated. Greith, Bishop of St. Gall, and Hefe, spoke on the same day powerfully against the dogma and on the practical dangers of attempting to enforce it. The former, speaking for Switzerland, said that it would simply be putting weapons into the hands of the enemies of the Church. Hefe dwelt chiefly on the case of Honorius, and next day read a strong speech of Cardinal Rauscher's in the same sense. Cardinal Schwarzenberg spoke for himself, and made a profound impression. Cardinal Cullen, who was imposed as Primate by a Papal nomination on the Irish Catholic Episcopate, as Dr. Manning was subsequently on the English, in contempt of the election of the clergy, made a lame attempt to answer Hefe, and was himself answered in a spirited speech by Archbishop MacHale of Tuam, who was at one time

the leading figure among the Irish bishops, but is now little more than a *nomini umbra*. He was perhaps not sorry for an opportunity of paying off an old grudge against the chosen favourite of the Vatican, who has supplanted him in the control of ecclesiastical matters. But an unpleasant surprise awaited the majority in the speech of the Primate of Hungary, Simor, who had been elected into the Commission on Faith, and had more than once defended its proposals. In fact, he was supposed to be quite secured for the infallibilist side. To their infinite surprise and disgust he made a forcible speech in excellent Latin—this had been expected of him—directly against the definition, and this fact derived further significance from its being taken as a conclusive proof that the whole Hungarian Episcopate had resolved on opposing the dogma. Last, but not least, after MacHale, the Archbishop of Paris mounted the pulpit—the most accomplished, influential, most dreaded of all the Opposition leaders. Of course every one knew which side he would take, but he has been so long the advocate of a temporizing policy that he was thought to have allied himself too closely to the tactics of the Cabinet of the Tuileries, and had rather lost caste with his own party in consequence. All the stronger, therefore, was the impression produced by his speech, declaring again and again in most emphatic terms that no decree not accepted by the whole Episcopate could be valid. A suppressed murmur ran through the ranks of the majority, giving token of coming storms. But there was no attempt to interrupt him. It remains yet to be seen how parties will stand when the separate chapters of the *Constitutio* come to be discussed in detail. Eighty-seven bishops have already inscribed their names to speak.

It may not be out of place here to refer to a striking pamphlet on *Papal Infallibility* as illustrated by Papal decrees on persecution and usury, just published by "An English Catholic," and generally attributed to one of the ablest of the converts who followed Dr. Newman across the Rubicon. The first portion of it, on persecution, appeared some months ago in the *Times*, and the second is hardly less instructive as showing the ignorance and falsehood of Papal decisions, though on a subject-matter less shocking to the moral sense. Our immediate concern lies, however, with the prefatory and concluding remarks of the writer as to the only sense in which a definition of the Pope's infallibility could be accepted by any reasonable man, and which is, in fact, equivalent to asserting that fallibility and infallibility are identical terms:—

If the personal infallibility of the Pope were made a dogma for Catholics, it might easily be shown that all Catholics who accept the verdicts of history, and share the common conscience of humanity, would have to accept the doctrine in a non-natural sense. They would have to apply to the formulas of the Church a process similar to that which Tractarians used to explain away the Thirty-nine Articles. Like them, Catholics would require their No. 90.

If a General Council is to pronounce the Pope infallible, when three previous Councils have condemned a Pope for heresy; or to declare that he is superior to Councils, when the Council of Constance ruled precisely the reverse, such decrees can only be explained by being explained away. The writer adds that probably the main object aimed at is not so much to secure the dogmatic inerrancy as the practical supremacy of the Pope and his right to absolute obedience in whatever commands he may issue. But this is almost more objectionable morally than the abstract dogma, and many Roman Catholics who might be willing to accept the dogma in some non-natural sense will probably not accept it as a rule of conduct, and that because Popes have repeatedly gone wrong in these matters and led those who blindly obeyed them into well-merited disaster, of which many proofs are given. "Infallibilists, if they are honest, must confess that the Popes have committed themselves to untenable definitions of morality." One of the immoral principles they have tried to impose on the conscience of Christendom is the law of persecution, and another is the law of usury. After dwelling in his conclusion on some of the immoral doctrines enforced by former Popes, which "harden the heart and sear the conscience," the writer concludes:—

All these questions were at rest; it was understood that the Church had tacitly abandoned all these medieval principles, which she borrowed of the barbarism she combated or of the pagan empire which she had supplanted. The revived claim of personal infallibility revives the memories of them; and the more the word is insisted upon, the more necessary is it to catalogue the facts which fall under it, so as to find the proper limits of its significance. Interpreted by fanatics and logic-choppers, by the majority of Bishops who would consider it an act of mortal sin to doubt about the truth of the dogma, and who are thereby precluded from all possibility of fairly weighing the historical evidence against it, or of regarding an appeal to that evidence otherwise than as treason, the word implies a prerogative equal to that of God Almighty. Interpreted by history it wanes away to nothing. Talleyrand was once asked the meaning of "non-intervention." "C'est un mot métaphysique et politique," he said, "qui signifie à peu près la même chose qu'intervention."

#### FALSE WEIGHTS AND ADULTERATION.

THERE is a certain dazed and doubtful state of the mind, or rather a state of existence in which the mind seems to be held in a condition of suspended animation, which ladies sometimes describe as not knowing whether they stand on their heads or their feet. This abnormal attitude is what we begin to think of as we read a debate or listen to a talk about adulteration of food and false weights. Have we ears? have we even the cloudiest shadows of intelligence about us? do we really grasp anything? To listen to House of Commons speakers gravely propounding their



doubts and difficulties as to whether adulteration of meat and drink can be dealt with, suggesting that there are grave and important preliminary considerations to be pondered and settled before we can compel a tradesman to use a pound weight of sixteen ounces, each ounce conforming to the standard, and that after all it matters little whether our sugar is sand or saccharum so long as we only pay a certain price for it, we begin to distrust our own faculties much as we should do if we were seriously argued with that a fire in January makes the room warm. As year after year Lord Eustace Cecil brings forward his motion trying to force the House of Commons into committing itself into an opinion that adulteration and false weights are an evil and ought to be put down, the one only wonder is that, able and painstaking as he is, he is not laughed down. There ought to be something simply ludicrous in asking with many words and solemn gestures the Legislature to prohibit fraud, to put down poisoning, and to compel just weights and measures. It ought to be simply as irrational to ask Parliament to affirm what Lord Eustace can't get Parliament to affirm as to move a resolution that black is not white. And yet so it is. It can't be done. We must wait till the High Science men and calm philosophy have done with their decimals and their doctrines, and weighing a pound or measuring a yard *in vacuo*, before we can compel all scales and pint-pots to be inspected, and all who use false ones to be imprisoned. Mr. Bright has told us that if you try to prohibit adulteration, a retail tradesman ought, in justice to himself, to fly a bigoted country which interfered with his sacred right to poison the public, and therefore that it is very difficult to frame a law which shall even pretend to deal seriously with adulteration. It is quite true that last week the House did receive Lord Eustace's motion with much greater respect than on previous occasions, and it is something that Secretary Bruce did promise to take the matter into consideration when he had nothing else to do. But the fact remains that there are difficulties, and such difficulties as are not only grave, but may prove at last to be insuperable.

Now let us see what it is that is complained of, and what are the evils of which the Government admits the existence. Mr. Bruce "frankly admits that there does exist a very considerable evil. . . . He was not prepared to defend any adulterations, whether noxious or otherwise. In his opinion it was a very grave offence, and analogous to obtaining goods under false pretences." Which announcement, we are told, was received with "cheers." Probably the House of Commons would receive with frantic applause Mr. Bruce's frank admission that two and two make four, and his reassuring declaration that he was not there to defend the proposition that the moon was made of green cheese. The Home Secretary really cannot, and is bound to say that he cannot, maintain that robbery is quite the right thing, or poisoning altogether justifiable. (Hear, hear, and cheers.) The House of Commons has begun to get at the root of justice between man and man, and the country is to be congratulated on possessing such an austere and conscientious Legislature, though still in the swaddling clothes of its moral life. The national conscience will, it is also satisfactory to learn, be expressed by the Government—or at least the Government will think over it. As to weights and measures, the matter had been referred to a Committee; and to deliberate upon the difficult question whether the conception or fact of the quart should or should not be satisfied by a pint and a-half, and whether a pound avoirdupois should weigh fourteen or sixteen ounces, was surely a matter for a Committee to consider, and one on which we must wait for such Committee's recommendations; but "he hoped to be able soon—probably next Session—to embody the said Committee's recommendations in a Bill." Here is balm in Gilead; next year "probably," twelve months hence perhaps—so Mr. Bruce hopes, but so Mr. Bruce cannot promise—something may be done. With respect to the other little matter of complaint, which Mr. Muntz tells us only means that all of us are plundered, and two-thirds of us poisoned, Mr. Bruce cannot be so explicit, nor can he hold out such solid hopes. "He could not pledge himself to introduce a measure the details of which he had not sufficiently considered, yet, admitting the evils, it would of course be his duty to endeavour to provide a remedy." Yes; and there is probably not a drunkard in the world who does not admit that it is his duty to be sober; but neither will the drunkard pledge himself to reform, nor will Mr. Bruce undertake to say that he means to do his duty. He admits that a certain thing is his duty to do, or rather that he ought to endeavour to do it, but he must be excused from committing himself to the extremely embarrassing position of saying plainly that he intends to act upon his convictions.

However, Mr. Bruce very properly feels it to be his duty to defend an absent colleague. Mr. Gladstone finds it necessary to say something for Mr. Ayrton in his presence, much more Mr. Bruce for Mr. Bright in his absence. Mr. Bright, so Mr. Bruce says, did not deny last year that adulteration, even though it be not noxious, was a fraud and ought to be punished; but he said, in mitigation of it, that the evil of deficiency in quality was sometimes compensated by lowness of price. This is Bruce's edition of Bright, second edition revised and corrected. Certainly Mr. Bright "did not deny" that adulteration was an evil, because he did not say one single word about that part—the evil and sinful part, that is—of the matter. Our reply to Mr. Bruce might be, and it is just as relevant to the matter and is also quite true, that we may perhaps admit that Mr. Bright did not in his famous, we had nearly said his infamous, speech affirm that adulteration was a fraud—nor, we might add, did he say that it was an evil,

and ought to be punished. But according to his commentator, Mr. Bruce, what did Mr. Bright say? Why he said "in mitigation" of "fraud" that "the evil of adulteration was compensated by the lowness of price charged" for the fraudulent commodity. Plain people will say that this mitigation makes matters rather worse. It is not a mitigation and apology, but a complete and entire defence, and a most valid argument for the sale, let us say, of the Moning Congou. This remarkable product of Chinese art can be, and we believe is, sold at sixpence a pound—for the matter of that it might be sold at twopence a pound—and therefore purchasers ought to be grateful. Blue pill made of slate filings can be produced at a cheaper rate than any genuine preparation of calomel; therefore let us take our poison, praise God and the ingenious chemist, and die thankful. Our milk may, to be sure, be only milk and water, with a trace of chalk to make it slab and good; and we may have to feed our infants with this low-priced mixture, and they may be starved to death or their constitutions may be ruined; but then we did it cheap. Fraud and falsity in selling goods are not evils in themselves and *per se* because they are embodied lies, but they are mixed actions, and even approach the vanishing point of fraud and almost become public benefits, when it is shown that, after all, alum instead of bread is cheap. We feel bound to remind Mr. Bruce what Mr. Bright did say, and this was that adulteration was merely a form of competition. His words were, "adulteration arises from competition in business," and as competition is a good thing it ought not to be interfered with; for if you attempted to interfere with it the tradesman's "life would not be worth having, and I should recommend him to remove to another country where he would not be subject to such annoyance"—the annoyance, namely, of being compelled to sell that, and that only, which he was professing to sell, and the annoyance of being compelled to give in weight and measure that which he was bargaining to give. This is what Mr. Bright said, what he has over and over again been charged with saying, and what he has never denied that he said. The public is possessed of an ignorant impatience of robbery and cheating; the public must be disabused. Mr. Bright assures them that they ought to be grateful, for the thieves and robbers after all do their dishonesty at a surprisingly low figure.

But what does the evil amount to? The curious in the statistics and details of the elaborate wickedness of retail tradesmen, and those desirous to be instructed in the flagitious character of the evil, and who are at all interested as to the amount of skill and science expended in robbing and poisoning our fellow-creatures, will do well to look at a ghastly article in this month's *Fraser* on the "Adulteration of Food and Drugs." The writer classes extant adulteration under three heads and illustrates them. Here is his summary:—

Adulterations . . . which are intended (1) to increase the bulk of articles sold; (2) to improve their appearance; (3) to impart to them some fictitious quality.

Under the 1.—The addition of potato-meal or plaster of Paris to bread; of chicory to coffee; of wheat flour to mustard; of dripping or tallow to butter; of water to milk, vinegar, spirits, and malt liquors. 2.—The addition of alum or sulphate of copper to bread; of Prussian blue or black lead to tea; of ferruginous earths to cocoa and preserved meats; of verdigris to pickles; of mineral pigments to confectionery. 3.—Of *cocculus indicus* or "grains of paradise" to malt liquors; of sulphuric acid to vinegar; of turpentine to gin; of *caramel* or *black-jack* to coffee and chicory; of *catechu* or *terra japonica* to tea. . . . To which may be added gelatine sold as isinglass; red-lead sprats as anchovies; *acacia* bark for cinnamon; and wooden balls for nutmegs.

In the way of drugs, an especially wicked and cruel application of adulteration, the House of Commons Committee reported on the falsification of

Jalap with powdered wood; of opium with wheat flour, powdered wood, and sand; of scammony with wheat flour, chalk, resin, and sand; and of acid drops with prussic acid and other dangerous ingredients.

To which we may add the analysis of the famous Chinese adulterations of tea with "silkworms' dung, the droppings of animals, the scrapings of shops, and the mess of a Chinese gutter."

Mr. Bright in the most summary way said that these subjects—namely, the attempts to check adulteration—are "about the least advantageous to which Parliament can devote itself." He ought to have gone further than these peddling matters of adulteration and false balances. There were other and on the whole not less dignified clients whose brief he was in fact holding, although he did not say that he was watching the case in their behalf. As we, stupidly perhaps, understand trade, it is the simplification of barter. In exchange for a certain commodity which professes to be a certain thing, and which we take on the faith and on the pledge of one party to the transaction—namely, that it is that certain thing and nothing else, we offer a certain token or conventional instrument of exchange, in the shape of coin or a bill of exchange, which also professes to represent a certain agreed and admitted value and nothing else. Mr. Bright says that to adulterate and falsify the commodity exchanged—that is, to give one thing when you are pretending to give another—arises from "inevitable competition in business," and therefore is not to be interfered with "by analysers and inspectors who raise complaints against shopkeepers and bring them before magistrates." Sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander. The very same defence might be urged in favour of those who offer, and get the other party in an exchange to accept, a fictitious half-crown or a forged promissory note, which Mr. Bright offers for those who palm off a fictitious pound of tea. Forgery, as we understand it, is as common as well to the article which is really silkworms' dung and

pretends to be tea, as to the metal roundlet which is brass or pewter and pretends to be gold or silver. If we will not or cannot prevent the adulteration of food, we ought to repeal the laws against the adulteration of coin.

#### THE ANCIENT BRITISH CHURCH IN PARLIAMENT.

THE Ancient British Church, its antiquity, its purity, its independence of Rome, are, we need not say, one of the standing terrors of the historian. The thing has just enough truth in it to be troublesome. One sometimes wishes that one could with a good conscience cast the whole thing adrift, and say that there never was a Christian in this island till the conversion of the English began. This, however, truth would not allow, and we have accordingly to struggle against a mass of those half-truths which, because they are half-truths, are more dangerous than pure fictions. It is certain that there was a British Church before the coming of Augustine. It is equally certain that we know very little about it. It is most certain of all that it has nothing to do with the existing Church of England. The Scots did a great deal towards the conversion of our forefathers, but the Welsh did nothing. The ancient British Church is in an admirable position for the exercise of the mythopoetic faculty. Its existence is so perfectly certain, while our detailed knowledge about it is so very scanty, that it is open to every man to dream that which is right in his own eyes. The ancient British Church is therefore freely used for two opposite purposes—to exalt the existing Church of England, and to disparage it. Either process is very easy. With that large class of people who cannot be made to understand the difference between an Englishman and a Welshman the thing flows on merrily. Fancy the Church of England a new Church—three hundred years old, thirteen hundred years old! The Church of England has nothing to do with such periods of ecclesiastical babyhood. It has nothing to do with a chronology which shuts out Aaron and Julius, Germanus and Faganus and Piranus and Albanus. It was founded by the Apostle Paul himself. At the very least it was founded by Joseph of Arimathea, who came over to England and brought with him Philip the Deacon as his chaplain. The first Christian Emperor was an Englishman, son of an English mother, daughter of no less a potentate than Old King Cole. English Bishops sat in nobody knows how many Councils. They undoubtedly sat at Arles; therefore they probably sat at "Nice"—the distance between Arles and "Nice" is not seeming very great when the Bithynian Nikaia is once mistaken for the Ligurian. As for the nine hundred and odd years between Æthelberht and King Harry, they do not very much matter. They were just a little period of confusion, when the Pope took to meddling more than he ought to have done. As soon as they were over, all things were put straight again by Cranmer, Ridley, and Latimer, helped perhaps a trifle by Poynt and the butcher's wife. That the mission of Augustine was "uncatholic and uncalled for" was voted long ago by a little band of choice spirits in Oxford. And it is only last week that the *Times* itself, in all its omniscience, "protested against" it as "a Papal Aggression."

On the other hand this same phantom of the ancient British Church can be played off with equal ease to the disparagement of the existing Church of England. In the view of which we have thus far been speaking, the ancient British Church and the existing Church of England are looked on as one and the same thing; the whole mediæval period becomes simply a kind of episode of Roman usurpation. But it is just as easy to turn things the other way. It is just as easy, instead of wiping out the difference between Englishman and Welshman, to exaggerate it to the extreme point. It is easy to paint the Saxon as in all ages the invader and oppressor of the Briton, to paint the Saxon Church as one of his subtlest means of oppression, to tell how the ancient, pure, free, independent Church of Britain was brought into bondage, and has ever since been held in bondage, by the combined arts of Roman Pontiffs and Saxon Kings. And we are bound to say that, of the two pictures, the second departs far less widely from historical truth. It is in fact an exaggerated and highly coloured statement of something which really did happen, while the other is a pure dream which never happened at all. That the present English Church is identical with any early British Church is pure fiction. It is either a delusion which has grown out of the popular confusions in the use of national names, or else it is a sheer invention for the convenience of theological controversy. In either case alike it is absolutely baseless. But that the existing English Church, the Church founded by Augustine, did conquer, or absorb, or whatever we please to call it, a British Church of older standing than itself, is historical matter of fact. The conclusions, theological or political, which any one may choose to draw from the fact are of course quite another matter.

Now when things of this sort get discussed in Parliament, and still more when the Parliamentary discussions of them become the subjects of leading articles in the *Times*, we know what we have to expect. The whole matter is at once invested with its full terrors. The furnace is heated seven times hotter than it is wont to be heated. We can fully enter into the natural disinclination of the House to an historical discussion of any question. The House, which, as we all know, is wiser than any one member in it, has an instinctive feeling that what are put forth as historical details have no practical bearing on the question in hand. It has a further instinctive feeling that they are probably all wrong as matters of history, and yet that it has no means

of setting them right. How often during the last year was the House vexed with endless questions about the nationality and religion of St. Patrick, and such like subtle and curious points which had no bearing whatever on the practical question whether it was right and expedient to use the undoubted powers of Parliament in a particular way. And now, as a sort of faint echo of those debates, the early Church of Britain turns up to be discussed as well as the early Church of Ireland. Mr. Watkin Williams is as ready to plunge into the depths of Welsh ecclesiastical antiquities as any Irish Protestant was to prove that the faith of St. Patrick was exactly the same as that of the Thirty-nine Articles. To be sure this particular debate drew forth a phenomenon which we do not remember to have before seen or heard of in any like debate in the House of Commons. It is now certain that there is at least one man in each House of Parliament who knows what he is talking about on matters of ecclesiastical history. What Bishop Thirlwall did last year in the House of Lords, Mr. Gladstone has done this year in the House of Commons. To be sure we must give even Mr. Gladstone in one place the advantage of a reporter's confusions, as it is quite impossible that Mr. Gladstone could have said words so absolutely without meaning as "I think my honourable friend does not wish me to enter upon the point of the *real union* which occurred at the time of St. Augustine." Directly afterwards Mr. Watkin Williams is recorded to have "made another observation which did not reach the gallery," and it is plain that Mr. Gladstone's real observation, whatever it was, did not reach the gallery either. But let us go back to Mr. Watkin Williams; he tells us that the

Church established in Wales was an ancient and venerable institution; it was not, like the Church of Ireland, an alien Church, forced on the people by a conqueror or an oppressor; it was not, he believed, regarded by the people of the Principality with any feeling of hostility; in many respects, indeed, it was regarded with affection and veneration.

This may perhaps seem an odd beginning for a motion for disendowing and disestablishing this venerated Church, but Mr. Williams no doubt understands his own line of attack best. He goes on to tell us that it is not historically correct to speak of "that"—by "that" seemingly meaning the Church established in Wales—

as the Church of England established in Wales. The hon. and learned member then proceeded to quote the authority of the venerable Bede, and of Thierry, the historian of the Norman Conquest, to show that the primitive Church in Wales was a separate Church, originating in a different time and from a purer source than that of the Church in England. The Britons embraced Christianity about the middle of the second century, adhered to it for centuries in all its purity and simplicity, and when driven out of England it was to be found exclusively in Wales.

Beda and Thierry! Can this bracketing really be due to Mr. Williams, or has some merry reporter played a trick upon us? Yet the thing is possible; there are so many people in whose eyes a book is a book, who think that whatever is in print must be true, who are absolutely incapable of discerning between the original writer putting down facts from his own personal knowledge or from the witness of those who had personal knowledge, and the modern scholar groping after his conclusions amidst the endless contradictory reports of the chroniclers of successive ages. In many minds, perhaps in the mind of Mr. Watkin Williams, Beda is one historian and Thierry is another historian, and the idea that the two are not only widely different in value, but utterly different in kind, is one which has never once come into their heads. Perhaps it would have been better for Mr. Williams if, instead of confining his studies to Beda and Thierry, he had set manfully to work on the volume lately published by Mr. Hadden, where he would not indeed find much taken from Thierry, but where he would find all that is really known, whether from Beda or from any other source, about the ancient Church of Wales. If Mr. Williams had schooled himself to go through this process he would perhaps not have talked quite so glibly about Archbishops of Wales and about the doings of Henry the Second and Henry the Eighth. But we must go on with what he does say:—

Towards the end of the sixth century the Anglo-Saxon embraced Christianity in a different form, when St. Augustine started what was then called the Church of the English—quite a distinct institution from the Church of the British, which was confined to the Principality of Wales.

Tell it not in Tintagel, publish it not in the Isle of Avalon, that the champion of Celtic Christianity is so cabined, cribbed, confined by the limits of the modern map that the land of Arthur and the place of his burial are matters in which he has no part or lot. In his eyes St. Petrocks and St. Germans are as alien, as Saxon, as Canterbury and York. "As a Welshman," Mr. Williams is "content to let Cornwall look after itself." Why the *Times* itself knows enough to rebuke the man of North Wales who thus wantonly cuts himself off from West Wales. St. German and St. Petrock, St. Austell and St. Ishmael, are saints whom the Celt acknowledges no longer. Or it may be that Mr. Williams is a minute and subtle philologist, who knows that the tie which connects the speech of Wales and the speech of Cornwall, close as it is, is less close than the tie which connects the speech of Cornwall with the speech of the Papists of Brittany. But, if we get rid of Cornwall, how about the mysterious regions known as Strathelyde and Reged? Surely Celts, and Christian Celts, lingered in those parts for some ages. Altogether this pure Christianity which was confined to the Principality of Wales is one of the most mysterious things that we have come across for some time.

Mr. Williams goes on with his historical sketch:—

The Welsh Church in early times was severely persecuted; and in the reign of Henry II. the King, by the assistance and contrivance of the Pope,



and by a combination of fraud and violence, appointed to the See of St. David's (the Archbishopric of Wales) a lawyer and courtier, on the understanding that he should forego the right to be Archbishop of Wales, and would submit to the authority of the Archbishop of Canterbury. From the time of Henry II. down to that of Henry VIII. Bishops appointed by the Archbishop of Canterbury were agreeable enough to acknowledge the authority of that prelate. This state of things was brought about by a combination of fraud and collusion between the Pope and the King of England. The ancient Church of Wales having been in that way subjected to the Church of England in the reign of Henry VIII., an Act of Parliament was passed by which it was enacted that all Acts passed for England should extend to Wales. He confidently laid down this proposition—that the Church of the British, the Church in Wales, was in its origin and inception a separate and totally distinct Church; that that Christian Church had been organized many centuries before the Church of England; and that only by fraud and violence, confirmed by an Act of Henry VIII., had it been united to the Church of England.

We are greatly puzzled as to this Welsh Church which had an Archbishop and which yet, "according to a tradition in Wales to which the people of the Principality clung," was "a pure and simple Christian Church, independent of, and very different indeed from, the Church of England, and very analogous to the Non-conformist Churches in Wales at the present day." We infer then that there has been all this time lurking somewhere or other an unestablished Archbishop among the Welsh Methodists, whom nothing but the wicked legislation of Henry the Second and Henry the Eighth has kept out of his metropolitan rights as the successor of St. David. Perhaps it might clear up matters a little if a study of the genuine documents printed by Mr. Hadden could persuade people that there never was an Archbishop of Wales, any more than till a very late time there ever was an Archbishop in Scotland. The whole thing was a figment of the days of Giraldus, and Giraldus, though he was ready enough to assert the independence of the See of St. David's of the See of Canterbury, did not seem to have any notion of making either of them independent of the See of Rome. Who the courtier lawyer spoken of by Mr. Williams is we do not know. It may have been Peter De Leia, Prior of Weuloc, or it may have been Geoffrey of Henlaw, Prior of Llanthony. Most likely Mr. Williams did not think about the point.

But if Mr. Williams is fine, the *Times* is still finer. The *Times* is in one of its grandest moods on the subject. It is so grand that it professes humility. The *Times* snubs Mr. Williams, yet it altogether sympathizes with him:—

We are entirely with him. We protest against the Papal aggression of Augustine. The ancient Church of these isles, as Mr. Hardy hinted on Monday in the debate on the University Tests Bill—conveniently dropping three centuries in oblivion—has ever been anti-Roman. We understand that Mr. Williams cited the Venerable Bede, Augustin Thierry, and even Chaucer, to prove what to our minds requires no proof—that the See of St. David's is properly independent of the See of Canterbury. It is not more than seven hundred years ago—say in the reign of Henry II.—that the Prelate of Caerleon promised canonical obedience to St. Thomas Becket and his successors. Seven hundred years are nothing; *nullum tempus occurrat ecclesie*. If any one asks to what purpose is this rhapsody of easy antiquarianism, and what bearing it has on Mr. Williams's motion, we answer with humility that we do not know.

This is one of those choice bits which to those who have the needful discernment give an unspeakable thrill of delight. The *Times* heard the words Henry the Second. It knew that St. Thomas Becket—this time he has neither an *A* nor an *a* nor an *à*—was the most famous name in the days of Henry the Second, and it leaped to the conclusion that in any ecclesiastical squabble in the reign of Henry the Second St. Thomas Becket must have had a hand. Unluckily, however, Henry the Second lived nineteen years after the death of St. Thomas Becket, and it was in those nineteen years that the disputes about the rights of the See of Saint David's which had been heard of in the earlier years of the century, but which were not heard of during the great strife between Thomas and Henry, were heard of again. Then we have the Prelate of Caerleon. The *Times* seems still to be in the same state of mind as to geography as it was some years ago, when it could not be made to understand that there was any difference between Gloucester and Bristol. Either the *Times* thinks that Caerleon and St. David's are the same place, or else it thinks that there was a separate Bishop of Caerleon in the time of Henry the Second. Still in the queerness of its Welsh geography the *Times* does not stand alone. An English clergyman was once taken to see Llandaff Cathedral, and he came away in the full belief that he had been to St. David's. A dweller between Llandaff and Caerleon was once asked whether he did not live very near to St. David's. To this he answered by taking a map and a pair of compasses and showing that he lived several miles nearer to Winchester. It is, then, perhaps not so very wonderful when Mr. Osborne Morgan, member for a North Welsh county, counts Cardigan among the largest towns in Wales, and plainly thinks that everybody in Swansea naturally talks Welsh. Still we do wish to know something about the Welsh Bibles which, on the authority of Thierry—this time unaccompanied by Bede—Mr. Williams tells us were burned by public authority at some time or other when English Bibles were allowed.

#### THE INDUSTRIAL CLASSES IN FOREIGN COUNTRIES.

III.

THE Reports to which we have hitherto called attention relate to the condition of the working-classes on the Continent of Europe. There remains to be noticed the Report on the condition of similar classes in America. The subject is highly interesting, for, if there is any country which deserves to be called the Para-

dise of the working man, it is the United States of America. Here, as Mr. Ford's Report puts it, the labouring classes may be said to embrace the entire nation. "Every man works for a living, follows a profession, or is engaged either in mercantile or industrial pursuits." No profession and no calling is a bar to political promotion or social elevation. The tailor or bookbinder of to-day may aspire to Presidential honours, not exactly, as Mr. Ford puts it, "to-morrow," but within a defined and not remote time. The son of the President offends no social prejudices by taking a farm or a dry goods' store. All this is so much in harmony with the opinions and sympathies of our working-men that it is no wonder that they should wish to Americanize their own country. Never indeed in any one country were all the conditions favourable to their prosperity so signally combined as they are in America. An immense and unpeopled area, a climate for the most part salubrious, a soil for the most part fertile, an ample seaboard indented with capacious harbours, an exuberance of metallic wealth—all these advantages concur to attract and to employ a continuous influx of labouring immigrants. Line after line of railroad is constructed, city after city is reared, factory after factory is set agoing. Every kind of work that can stimulate industry and reward ingenuity is persistently and continually developed. New works bring new wealth, new wealth craves new luxuries. New luxuries set new trades in operation. The circle of demand and supply goes round, and with it grow the importance and employment of the working-classes. There is rarely a long stagnation of work. There ought never to be an utter want of money. Wages are high enough in the generality of towns to admit of saving quite enough to meet such bad seasons as do occasionally occur. All these circumstances are favourable to the operative, but they are more favourable to the operative of foreign than of American extraction. The common school education imparts, not only the knowledge requisite for attaining a higher position, but also the ambition to rise. Hence, a large proportion of native workmen, instead of adhering to their own industry, indulge in a love of change. This opens a field of employment to the European immigrant who knows his own trade well, and is comparatively indifferent about knowing anything else. This love of change, combined with the cessation of apprenticeship, has reacted upon American workmanship, which appears to degenerate in its finish when compared with that of European immigrants. We are not, therefore, surprised to hear from Mr. Ford that nearly all the people employed in the woollen, worsted, and cotton works of America are of foreign origin; and that of the 30,000 miners engaged in the Pennsylvanian coal districts the majority are English, Welsh, or Irish. To be sure of constant work at adequate and even high wages is the happy lot of the workman who selects an appropriate locality. Nor is this all. In some districts he finds himself the member of a class which universal suffrage has armed with supreme political power. There are counties and districts, in certain States, where the working-men nominate and control the Government. Bad as this may be for legislation and for the State itself, and therefore for the working-men themselves ultimately, it is a fine thing at the time. They receive all the court and all the attention which are the cherished privileges of those who dispense power, and they often condescend to accept for themselves the honours and emoluments which others seek at their hands. It is not for them to consider that their own glorification involves the political nullification of wealth, education, reflection, and refinement; that, when the working-man governs, there remains for the gentleman the sole alternative of acquiescent obscurity. All these considerations would be unnatural and inappropriate to their condition. When, as in the city of New York, the prizes of political conflict are at the disposal of men who were born in hovels and have toiled on muck-heaps, it is not likely that the holders of office should speculate on the superior advantages which would result from placing the Government in the hands of an educated minority. So power, once secured, remains with its possessors and their class for ever.

To many of our working-men at home the political importance of their American compeers is a matter of the highest interest. But the large majority of them, despite the laborious teaching of Mr. Odger, care much more for the wages which they might earn than for the votes which they might have in the Western Republic. Mr. Ford's elaborate statistics will be read by this class with curiosity and advantage. From these we learn that in the carding department of cotton manufactures the workman who in England would receive 1*l.* 7*s.* per week, receives 2*l.* 10*s.* 3*d.* in America; the grinder receives 1*l.* 6*s.* 9*d.*, in lieu of 19*s.* 6*d.*; the weaving overseer 2*l.* 9*s.* 7*d.*, in lieu of 2*l.* 5*s.*; and that in certain departments of the woollen manufacture where 1*l.* 10*s.* or 2*l.* is paid in England, 2*l.* 18*s.* 9*d.* is paid in America; where 1*l.* 10*s.* is paid in England, 2*l.* 17*s.* 11*d.* is paid in America. On the other hand, in both these manufactures certain departments of work are paid less than in England; e.g. in America brushers get only 15*s.* 3*d.* whereas in England they get from 1*l.* 1*s.* to 1*l.* 3*s.* 6*d.*; and warpers get only 19*s.* 6*d.* against the English wage of 1*l.* 2*s.* In iron-rolling the American puddler gets 3*l.* 6*s.* to the 1*l.* 12*s.* of his English rival; the puddler's helper, 1*l.* 18*s.*, to the 15*s.* of the Englishman. The American blacksmith, 2*l.* 1*s.* 10*d.*, to the 1*l.* 12*s.* of the Englishman. On the other hand, the American furnaceman gets only 1*l.* 14*s.* where the Englishman gets 3*l.* or 3*l.* 12*s.* In the iron-foundries, American moulders get 2*l.* 6*s.* where English moulders get only 1*l.* 12*s.*, and American engineers 2*l.* 5*s.*, to the 1*l.* of their English compeers. In hardware manufactures moulders earn about the same wages as in England;

furnace-tenders, 1*l.* 11*s.*, whereas they would only get 15*s.* in England; machinists, 2*l.* 12*s.*—1*l.* 5*s.* being the English wages; pattern-makers, 2*l.* 11*s.*, in comparison with the English wage of 1*l.* 12*s.* In paper-mills the wages of the American finisher are 1*l.* 16*s.*, while those of the English finisher are from 12*s.* to 18*s.*; the American millwright gets 2*l.* 14*s.* 3*d.*, where the English one gets only 1*l.* 2*s.* In the ship-building trade, where the English shipwright receives only 1*l.* 5*s.*, the American gets 2*l.* 11*s.*, and where the English painter gets 1*l.* 4*s.*, the American gets 2*l.* 2*s.* It ought, however, to be remembered that while wages are high, living is also dear. Clothing is costly, and tenement-houses, where the unskilled artisans of the cities must live at first, are gloomy, comfortless, and unhealthy. After all, the wages are sufficiently high to enable workmen to save enough for their transport westward. The western—the most western—States are the ultimate goal of the thrifty and ambitious mechanic.

California is the seventh heaven of the working-man's paradise, *i.e.* if the enjoyments of a paradise may be measured by money payments. Here, bricklayers get from 18*s.* to 1*l.* 4*s.* a day; blacksmith's helpers, 8*s.* to 10*s.* a day; brush and broom makers, "15*s.* a month and found"; coachmen, "7*l.* to 10*l.* a month and found"; carriage-builders, 14*s.* to 16*s.* a day; farm-labourers, "6*l.* a month and found in winter, 8*l.* a month and found in summer"; gasfitters, 14*s.* to 18*s.* a day; gardeners, "6*l.* to 8*l.* a month and found"; miners, "8*s.* to 14*s.* a day and found"; quarrymen, 10*s.* a day; sawyers, "8*l.* to 20*l.* a month and found"; waiters, 4*l.* to 8*l.* a month and found." Fortunately for the European employer of labour, California is a very long way off, and it requires far more money to get there than the improvident habits of our artisans allow them to save. Those who aspire to settle there must make up their minds to go through a long apprenticeship in Canada or the Eastern States before they have earned sufficient to carry them to the coast of the Pacific. Mr. Ford thinks that the golden days of the Californian labourer have passed away. But we question the correctness of his judgment. He hardly seems to make the requisite allowance for the inevitable consequences of the railroad which now unites the Atlantic and Pacific seaboard. It is impossible that the vast area traversed by this line should long remain sterile and unpopulated, or that cities should not grow around the metallic wealth of Nevada and California, or the agricultural wealth of the plains watered by the Arkansas River. A more formidable obstruction perhaps to English immigration is the increasing immigration of Chinese, a people whose skill, industry, and perseverance make them invaluable in the development of large but sparsely populated countries. Were there a much easier access than there is ever likely to be for English and German immigrants, the popular prejudice against the Chinese labourers would probably assume the form of a harsh and prohibitive policy against their introduction. But as the competition lies between them and the Irish, the popular sentiment allows its hatred of yellow-skinned to be merged in its detestation of Irish factions and rowdiness. After a strike of white shoemakers at San Francisco, the people were in despair at how to get boots and shoes. At last Chinamen were introduced at wages of 16*s.* a day. "So successful was this importation that the managers report they will soon require as many white men for overseers as were previously required as working hands." Certainly, if the whole tribe of Irish unskilled labourers and waiters were swept away, not a single American capitalist who was not a railway contractor or a manipulator of New York elections would regret it. But, much as all American gentlemen would rejoice at this catastrophe, their joy would be as nothing compared to that of the American ladies if they could but find themselves emancipated from the tyranny of their Irish cooks and chambermaids. Mr. Ford's Report confirms all that we have been told or have read of the dirt, slovenliness, ignorance, and insolence of a class of people who combine the rudeness of savage with the wants and exactions of the most civilized life.

On the whole, this Report shows cause for relaxing some of our Malthusian strictness. Our English working-folk may marry and multiply, provided only that they lay by sufficient money to enable them to emigrate to new fields of labour. Between the Pacific States of America and our own colonies of Canada and Australia there is ample room and ample employment for thousands of English men and women who do no work in England. But they must save here in order to go thither, and many of them must consent to earn in Canada the means of transit to California. It will never do for benevolent societies to come to their rescue by winking at their improvidence when they are well paid, and sending them out of the country at other people's expense as soon as work falls slack and wages go down.

#### MORDAUNT v. MORDAUNT.

AFTER the verdict of the jury in this too celebrated case the Judge Ordinary of the Divorce Court made an order that no further proceeding should be taken until Lady Mordaunt should recover her mental capacity, and from this order there was an appeal to the Full Court. This appeal was argued some weeks ago before three Judges, and in the present week they have given judgment affirming the order under appeal, so that proceedings in the suit will be stayed. The question considered by the Judges was, in effect, whether a suit for divorce was to be regarded as criminal or civil. If the former, it would be stayed; if the latter, it would

go on. It was agreed that if the insanity were temporary the Court had power to suspend proceedings, and allow time for the recovery of the respondent. But suppose the insanity to be permanent, is it a bar to the prosecution of the suit? The Judge Ordinary had originally held that it was, and on appeal he adhered to his opinion, in which he was supported by another Judge, while the third Judge of the Full Court held that permanent insanity ought not to be a bar.

If we consider what the law ought to be, there is much force in the comparison of a suit in the Divorce Court with a criminal proceeding. It is undeniable that such a suit involves a charge which many women would dread as much as any criminal charge which was not capital, and women as well as men prefer even death to dishonour, at least in theory. The effect of evidence of insanity in a criminal charge is twofold. Insanity at the time of the commission of the offence entitles the accused to be acquitted; insanity at the time of trial is considered by the law to disable the accused from making a defence. This humane provision of the law is founded on the manifest impossibility of satisfactorily investigating a criminal charge unless the prisoner is able to understand the evidence. The ordinary stolidity of rustics at the bar of a criminal court may suggest to the spectator apprehension that mistakes of justice may be more frequent than is commonly supposed. The charge of adultery against a woman, and the countercharges which the law allows her to bring against her husband, involve matters which are peculiarly within the woman's knowledge, and it is quite possible that if she were under mental incapacity circumstances might weigh heavily against her which otherwise she could easily have explained. It is not a sufficient answer to this argument to say that she can have the assistance of counsel and solicitors, because, as a judge once said, in reference to a charge of bigamy, the law is made both for poor and rich; and besides, if she were insane, she could not correctly inform her legal advisers of the facts within her special knowledge. It may be added that an insane woman is quite as likely to make charges of this nature against herself as to explain them. There is, however, this difference between a charge of adultery and a criminal proceeding, that in the former the Queen's Proctor may, if he pleases, intervene in the case in the interest of public morality, while in the latter a prisoner, if he is too poor to employ counsel, has no assistance except that of the judge in investigating the evidence against him. There would perhaps be no practical mischief in leaving to the Judge of the Divorce Court, aided as he might be by the Queen's Proctor, to determine whether he would allow a suit for adultery to proceed against an insane woman. The argument on behalf of the husband rests chiefly on the hardship of denying in this special case a remedy which is allowed generally to husbands by the law. This argument will probably have more or less force according as it is considered by a man or a woman, or by a person who was or was not favourable to the original establishment of the Divorce Court. It may be said that a husband whose wife has committed adultery and afterwards becomes insane is no worse off than were husbands in general whose wives had committed adultery before the passing of the Divorce Act. Parliament was always open, like the London Tavern, to those who could afford to go there. But they were very few, and the majority of injured husbands had to bear this as they did the other ills of life. Without pursuing this train of argument further, it will be obvious that—to use a hackneyed phrase—there is a good deal to be said on both sides; and if Parliament were now legislating on the question a good deal would be said, and at last, by force either of argument or of caprice or accident, Parliament would arrive at a conclusion. We may perhaps venture to declare our opinion that the most probable inclination of Parliament would be against any restriction of the remedy given by the Divorce Court; but still this is only an opinion as to what would be likely to be the view of Parliament upon a question of social expediency which is open to considerable controversy. But having got as far as this, we find ourselves also in possession of an opinion as to the probable result of the appeal which is tolerably certain to be brought in the House of Lords against the recent decision of the Full Court of Divorce. It has been said by a high authority that the House of Lords, although it hears such appeals judicially, is apt to decide them from a legislative point of view, considering rather what the law ought to be than what it actually is. If this be so, it follows that the opinion which prevails in Parliament is likely to prevail also in the ultimate Court of Appeal; subject, however, to this qualification, that the constitution of that Court for hearing a particular appeal depends a good deal upon the season and the weather, and other causes which are apt to influence the movements of elderly or invalid ex-Chancellors.

We have entered into the question of what the law ought to be, because that is really the question which occupied the Full Court of Appeal when it professed to be considering what the law was. The Lord Chief Baron, who was in the minority, arrived at the conclusion which we have indicated as that which Parliament would most probably adopt if it were called upon to legislate. But the argument of this learned judge is less satisfactory than his conclusion. He says, in effect, that Parliament has given to injured husbands in general a remedy in the Divorce Court, and has not expressly taken it away in the case where a wife is found to be insane when the suit is instituted. It is obvious that such an argument can hardly produce, although it may be used to fortify, an opinion. A few years ago a question arose as to the extent of the application of the Divorce Act to foreigners, and



Lord Campbell, who was Chancellor, was urged to bring in a bill to settle this question; but he was reported to have answered that he could not do that, but the question must be left to be settled, when it arose, by the help of general principles of jurisprudence. If Lord Campbell did give this or any other reason for abstaining from bringing in such a Bill, he was less reticent than other Chancellors who have contented themselves with letting the law alone, perhaps under the feeling that it was unfair to the profession to which they belonged to exert activity in the removal of ambiguities. However this may be, it is quite open to some other judge to answer the Lord Chief Baron by concluding that the injured husband is entitled to no greater remedy than the Divorce Act gives him. Either argument will probably prevail, according to the disposition of the recipient, and thus we are once more brought back to the question of what the law ought to be, and that question should be determined on enlightened consideration of the exigencies of society. The majority of the Court, consisting of the Judge Ordinary and Mr. Justice Keating, rested their judgment principally on the supposed analogy between a suit in the Divorce Court and a criminal proceeding; but this, again, is hardly satisfactory. We do not dwell upon the consideration that the practice of the Criminal Courts descends to us from a remote and barbarous age, while the Divorce Court is a product of modern civilization. But there appears to us to be force in the observation that it would be almost impossible to alter the practice of the Criminal Courts, while the Divorce Court might without difficulty exercise a discretion in allowing a suit to proceed against an insane woman. The general remedy which Parliament has provided for injured husbands is after all limited in practice to husbands who can afford to pay, not only their own, but their wives', costs of suit. If, in the case of an insane wife, the special intervention of the Queen's Proctor were considered necessary, a husband who desired to proceed with his suit might be required to pay the additional costs to be thus occasioned. If it appeared to the Court that the wife's insanity did really interpose a serious difficulty in getting at the truth, the Court in its discretion would stay the suit, but otherwise the suit would proceed. If we are wrong in thinking that such a condition of the law would on the whole do more good than harm, we are at any rate right in saying that our opinion on the point is capable either of being adopted or rejected. And this is really all that can usefully be said upon the subject. There are in truth no authorities on the question in the law books, and although passages may be found in these books upon which lawyers who hold briefs can found arguments, or what pass for arguments, on either side; yet, after all, we end where we began. The Court is really making the law when it professes to be discovering it; and if the law is to be made, it may as well be made in the most advantageous manner.

#### THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

##### IV.

JUST as historic arts admit of classification according to the faculties of the mind to which they appeal, so do modern schools of painting, as exemplified even in the Royal Academy, allow of division and distinction. The faculties of perception, reason, and imagination, within the understanding, severally find manifestation in contemporary art. And within the region of the affections the love of family leads to domestic art, the love of country to patriotic and historic art, and the love of God to religious art. The worth of a picture, as a creation of the mind, accords with the rank of the faculties brought into play. To avoid too nice distinctions, we may simply observe that the present Exhibition, in common with its predecessors, shows a preponderance of works which arise out of the powers of perception, and thus depend on imitation—of works moreover which centre within the family, the home, and the fireside, and therefore fall within the confines of domestic art. Such pictures the French designate *genre*; the style owes its historic origin to the Dutch, and among ourselves it has found illustrious followers in Hogarth, Wilkie, and Webster.

Mr. Webster, R.A., an artist especially typical of *genre* painting, who during a period of nearly half a century has seldom been an absentee, is this year wanting to the Academy. No one can quite take his place, though it must be confessed that Mr. F. D. Hardy is not far behind the best of the class in "Reading a Will" (915). The composition is less dramatic than in Wilkie's well-known rendering of the same subject in Munich. The figures are few, but each is a study; anxiety about the contents of the will naturally furnishes the leading motive. The execution has the finish, the colour, the nicely adjusted balance commonly required to recommend subjects thus simple. Mr. Webster and his followers are akin to Teniers and Ostade; there are other painters in the English school who approach to Terburg and Mieris. Mr. Horsley, R.A., is as usual polished, pleasant, and piquant. His pictures are as tales by Washington Irving, or perhaps his style may be said more nearly to resemble that of Sir Walter Scott. "Old Folk and Young" (306) will be accepted gladly as a continuation of the painter's perennial chronicle of how youths and maidens comport themselves when love-making. Mr. Horsley settles into more than common solidity and sobriety when he enters "The Banker's Private Room—Negotiating a Loan" (147). Money-lenders were favourites with Quintin Matsys, Rembrandt, and their scholars, and Mr. Horsley has happily surrendered his art to such influence while painting the banker in his private

room. The lady who seeks a loan wants distinctive character; she might fill almost equally well any other vocation. But, taken altogether, the Academy has seldom shown a work more accurately adjusted to the theorem of the old Dutch masters. Very true is the realistic rendering of accessories, such as the purple plush table-cloth worn a little seedy. Close observation is also proved in the painting of the curtain hung against the window; this quiet unobtrusive study of texture, light, shade, and colour can scarcely be praised too highly. The transition from Mr. Horsley to Mr. Frith is easy; each painter pleasantly plays on the surface of society, with seeming dread of perpetrating anything so heavy or profound as a reflection or a moral. Mr. Frith paints as the professed wit; he seems to have an idea that it is possible to roll into one Addison, Steele, and Sheridan; and yet his wit has mischief in it, and when it would be neat it is not always nice. Sterne's *Sentimental Journey* affords the artist a theme to his heart's content; the picture bears, as its suggestive title, "The Pulse, the Husband, Paris" (267). "Homburg" (1,031), another choice contribution, is of course not remarkable for elevated motive. Yet the painter has an agreeable way of toying with his characters, though sometimes beauty comes from his pencil inane of intellect and doll-like in expressionless features. But the spectator will almost forgive inveterate faults as he stands before "Sir Roger de Coverley and the perverse Widow" (157). The picture reads as a page from the *Spectator*. The wit is the reverse of heavy or laboured, loud or boisterous; the handling is clear, clean, sparkling. It is a pity that a painter in command of this ready and lucid diction does not always care to lay hold of thoughts worth expressing. In fine, it may be said that the art of Mr. Frith and Mr. Horsley is better suited to adorn a tale than to point a moral. Yet the same objection would hold to most of the works of Terburg and Mieris.

Mr. Faed, R.A., is again true to that simple domesticity, to that allegiance to family and home, which characterizes schools of the North. "When the Day is Done" (192) comes as a sequel to stories he has before narrated, and if the peasant life here depicted has grown conventional, the painter himself is the author of the convention. Mr. Faed has always been thoughtful to gain a motive; he has something to say, and he says it, and that strongly and truly. Yet the interior here depicted has defects; the composition is a little one-sided and out of balance, and moreover the amount of pathos brought upon the scene seems rather out of proportion to the occasion. Considering that "the day is done" in the ordinary course of things three hundred and sixty-five times in a twelvemonth, and that cottagers for the most part manage to survive notwithstanding to the morning, there would scarcely appear to be any urgent necessity for making a desperate affair of simply going to bed. Still such objections can weigh little against a work of this sterling merit. It is a great thing to find a painter really in earnest; the little child upon its knees in prayer is pure in feeling as it is honest in workmanship; sincerity indeed marks the artist's efforts—vigour also and unsophisticated truth. Mr. John Faed, the elder brother of the Academician, confesses to Scottish descent in "Auld Mare Maggie" (517). This faithful painter is scarcely so felicitous in outdoor scenes as in interiors. In the work before us the light seems scarcely to fall on the figures from the open sky; the woman's face does not appear as if painted in the outer air; it would look well if cut from the canvas and put into a miniature frame. The Scotch notion of historic art is set forth by Mr. A. H. Burr in the picture of "King Charles I. at Exeter" (226). This is what the French term the *genre* of history; the picture halts halfway between the Dutch school and high art. Mr. J. Archer, also from North Britain, is conscientious and deliberate in "Sir Patrick Spens" (486). Mr. Crowe's composition, "The Vestal" (965), jars upon us from the wall as a discord; the style is harsh and defiant. Yet the subject is striking; the artist can draw; and it is a thousand pities he should persist in being repulsive. Mr. H. B. Roberts, in "The Minstrel's Song" (343), mingles Scotch raggedness of execution with Scotch muzziness of colour; the composition needs compression; yet individual studies are worthy of the artist who has made himself known in London Exhibitions. "Charity" (491) deserves long to be remembered among heartfelt and simple pictures devoid of pretence. A poor girl, bare-footed in the snow, divides her crust with the dogs. Child and dogs are painted with equal affection; the scene is desolate, yet the colour warm; and though distress is poignant, the sympathy awakened is not unpleasant. Mr. Britan Rivière obtained notice in the Dudley, and the position he gains in the Academy is well deserved.

The Academy includes a number of miscellanies which, not admitting of precise classification, may for convenience be thrown together into one paragraph. Mr. Lewis, R.A., in the want of any oil-picture, makes himself welcome by eight remarkable Eastern sketches, the original studies which have served for well-known compositions. Turks, Arabs, camels, are as it were photographed with a clear light and true lens; character has been caught by a keen eye, and noted down with a trained hand. It is to be hoped that Academicians will be encouraged thus to give the public the pleasure of making acquaintance with the contents of their portfolios. Last year Mr. Goodall favoured the Exhibition with a series of oil studies from Egypt. Such sketches have often more value than pictures cooked and doctored expressly for exhibition. How figures are forced up to what is termed exhibition pitch may be seen by Mr. Houghton's personification of Sheikh Hamil (316)—a brute of a fellow who, though swearing

eternal fidelity to a lost wife, is at heart a Blue Beard. The picture is metallic, black, and studiously repulsive. Mr. Griffiths of Bombay again in like manner gives proof of repellent power in figures under "The Midday Sun" (236). Mr. Halswelle, apparently in emulation of Murillo and John Phillip, paints a brilliant "Scene at the Theatre of Marcellus" (328); it may be safe to add that the artist would succeed better with more pains. "Contadini returning from Rome" (66), by Mr. Tayler; the "Head of a Capri Girl" (71), by Mr. Maclaren; "Homeward after Labour" (31), by Mr. C. W. Herbert, and "The Great Lady" (342), by Mr. Rossiter, severally deserve a word of praise in passing. Also two successful students in the Academy, Mr. F. Holl, jun., and Mr. T. Goodall, claim to be noted for the progress they make. Yet more detail and less generalization would improve Mr. Holl's well-meant illustration of the text in Proverbs, "Better is a dinner of herbs where love is, than a stalled ox and hatred therewith" (42). Young Mr. Goodall, too, appears to have been moved by ambition in excess of his present power when he essayed to paint "The Return of Ulysses" (234). Juvenility, however, is a fault which time corrects, especially when the artist shows a teachable state of mind. Mr. Goodall's picture is somewhat traditional and academic; one of Raffaele's sibyls would seem to have served as a suggestion; a young artist does well to follow in the footsteps of the old masters, provided he do not barter away his individuality and independence. Mr. Goodall has gained refinement: he would be wise to seek for strength. In the absence of Mrs. Benham Hay, nothing from the ladies has more mastery than "Lost" (458), by Miss Osborn. The picture might admit of greater care and detail without loss of breadth or power. The style is noteworthy as of the German school of Piloty. It is strong in intention, well contrived in composition, and studious of pictorial effect. In this last phase of the Munich school results are struck off with as small an expenditure of time and trouble as is compatible with success.

Mr. Marks has once again fallen upon a capital subject. "St. Francis preaching to the Birds" (409) is a sequel worthy of "Dogberry's Charge to the Watch," "Toothache in the Middle Ages," and the "Medieval Sculptor and his Model." Ecclesiastics tell how the Saint addressed his winged audience on this wise:—"My little brothers, you should love and praise the Author of your being, who has clothed you with plumage, and given you wings with which to fly wherever you will. You were the first created of all animals. He preserved your race in the ark. He has given the pure atmosphere for your dwelling-place. You sow not, neither do you reap. Without any care of your own, He gives you lofty trees to build your nests in, and watches over your young. Therefore, give praise to your bountiful Creator." This sermon, though preached in all seriousness, provokes a smile, and so does the picture of Mr. Marks. It may be objected that the birds look as if come together in the Zoological Gardens to be fed, rather than with the idea of listening to a sermon. The artist necessarily lays himself open to this satire, and that though his picture is itself a satire. The audience is well behaved, though, to borrow a term applied to other places, it is decidedly of a "mixed character." Among the congregation may be distinguished a stork, crane, pelican diver, bustard, godwit, avocet, curlew, plover, kingfisher, and oyster-catcher. And it is curious to observe the varied spiritual conditions of these ornithological religionists; some wear a puritanical aspect, as of hypocrites, but some also labour under decided convictions; others, again, are carried away by small conceit or vanity of plumage. Professor Kaubach, in his illustrations to Reineke Fuchs, in like manner endowed the brute creation with human attributes. St. Francis seems scarcely equal to the occasion; the birds, however, are painted to perfection. The picture as a whole remains rather cold, notwithstanding the lustrous plumage of the kingfisher; the execution, too, is a little hard and mechanical; the composition would tell almost better if the colour were left out and the picture reduced to black and white. Mr. Marks is a medievalist except in colour; he would seem to have studied the art of the Gothic stonemasons rather than the service-books and painted glass of the middle ages. The grotesqueness of mediæval carvings, as seen for example in the *misereres* of cathedral stalls, has heretofore entered into the painter's pictorial designs. This faculty of humour, which since the days of Hogarth has never been wanting to our English school, we hope this racy painter will not think it needful to put under restraint. The stolid dignity, the stilted conventionalism, of the Academy has much to gain by the laughter-provoking pictures of Mr. Marks.

The pictures passed under review, notwithstanding some exceptions, substantiate the observation with which we started, that the Academy is singularly devoid of imagination. We will conclude with an artist who gives free rein to fancy. Mr. Arthur Hughes is a painter of poetic gifts, and yet he does not so much create afresh as carry out ideas which others have conceived. Neither does he always possess the power needed to cast poetic thought into pictorial form. Thus "Sir Galahad" (324) is a thought feebly carried out; it is at once painstaking and timid. And yet the artist throws angels boldly into the sky as if strong in the belief of a world of spirits; he takes, indeed, the mind pleasantly away into realms of fancy. Thus in "Endymion" (388) Mr. Hughes has managed to reconcile the impossible with the actual; the delicate accessories of leaves of trees, and the quiet presence of timid creatures of the woods, serve to bring the scene within the confines of nature. Tender and lovely is the

reclining figure of the nymph thinly clad in diaphanous drapery, and so gentle is she that the fawn licks her hand and the rabbit sports at her feet. The artist, who used to be infirm in drawing, has done his best to correct original defects. His charm lies in colour, his tones are prismatic, he shows us nature as seen through painted glass. Mr. Hughes, under happy intuition, has betaken himself to Keats, a poet whose thoughts glow in warm delicious colour. The romantic creations of the painter respond to the poet's melodious verse.

#### A DRAMATIZED NOVEL.

THE difficulty of turning a novel into a play may be appreciated by any reader of *Put Yourself in His Place* who will go and see a piece called *Free Labour* at the Adelphi Theatre. As this drama has been adapted from the novel by the author, and is produced under his superintendence, it has had a good chance given to it of success, and yet it is a melancholy failure. The painful truth is that the audience, and even the band, laugh where they ought to cry, and the combat between the hero and four assailants which was meant to be a grand sensational incident provokes merriment and raises ironical applause.

The most notable fact about this play is that the author, distrustful legitimate methods of attraction, has had recourse to the poor device of introducing upon the stage a blacksmith's furnace, anvil, and usual accessories, which are worked by the hero of the piece, Henry Little. If anybody desires to see how a person not brought up to the business can forge a knife-blade, his curiosity may be gratified at the Adelphi Theatre. The scene of the piece is laid in and near Hillsborough, a manufacturing town having many features which belong to Sheffield. Here Little is working at his master's forge until a combination of workmen compels his dismissal. He possesses vast physical strength and unlimited mechanical genius, and although a handicraftsman in Hillsborough he is connected in some obscure way with an ancient family of the adjoining county. Further, he is in love with Grace Carden, a young lady far above the ordinary sphere of a working cutler, however ingenious; and he has a rival, Mr. Coventry, who has the position and fortune which he wants. The trades of Hillsborough are capable of performing on the shortest notice any quantity of murder or arson that may be considered expedient by their leaders, the most conspicuous among whom bears the suggestive name of Grotait. If with all these materials a successful drama cannot be constructed, the workmanship surely must be in fault. The second act, of which the scene is laid in the ruined church of Cairnhope, is crammed with sensational effects, and yet the audience is wholly unimpressed by them. It appears that Little, having been driven out of Hillsborough by the trade-union, has set up a forge in this ruined church, and works at it secretly by night. We are given to understand that his inventive faculty may be expected, even amid these difficulties, to make his own and his employer's fortunes. He usually rides on horseback from Hillsborough to Cairnhope, carrying with him in his saddle-bags a few creature comforts such as a cold chicken and a bottle of port. The church is so ruinous that the snow enters freely through the roof, and the cold blast through the windows. But the door happens to be in excellent repair. Henry locks himself in, lights his fire, and sets to work hammering knife-blades. Presently he sits down, falls asleep, and dreams. The first vision is a man in armour whom we believe to be one of Little's own ancestors, and who does not seem to be fond of his descendant. Next comes a bridal party. Grace Carden and Mr. Coventry are standing before a clergyman who is evidently marrying them. Having had these pleasant dreams, Little awakes and goes to work again. He is interrupted by a cry for help outside the church, and opening the door, finds Grace Carden and Mr. Coventry, who have nearly perished in a snow-storm. By means of his fire and his cold chicken and port wine he entertains the lady whom he loves and his rival in her affection at a sort of nocturnal picnic in the old church. They are rested and refreshed and their clothes are dried, and then they depart to the hospitable house whence they have strayed and where they are anxiously expected. Once more Little resumes work, and we approach the thrilling moment when the emissaries of the trade-union will attempt to "do for" their unconquerable opponent. And here let us pause to observe what a blessing Broadhead and his allies are, or ought to be, to dramatic literature. It is no longer necessary to seek in other ages or countries for conspirators. The formidable name "Mary Anne," which Mr. Disraeli applies to a secret society on the Continent, has been transferred by Mr. Reade to Hillsborough, where men fit "for treasons, stratagems, and spoils" are always waiting at the corners of the streets. Four emissaries of a trade-union arrive at the ruined church where Little is busy with his nocturnal forging. The door which happens to be in so much better preservation than the building suddenly and silently disappears. Our first thought is of ghosts, but in another moment the conspirators appear in the doorway. Such a combination of horrors, natural and supernatural, was hardly ever attained either in romance or tragedy. And what words can do justice to the terrific combat between Little and his four assailants? He wields his hammer with the prowess of Charles Martel on the field of Tours. But the strength of the arm of Little was nobly matched by the thickness of the skulls of the emissaries of the trade-union. A deceased prizefighter was wont to explain, with the sententious brevity of his order, his opinion of the probable effect of a blow which he instructed his pupils to



deliver. He would say, in pleasant allusion to a supposed recipient of this blow, "Look for him in twenty minutes. You'll find him there if you want to speak to him." We should have expected that a man who was knocked down by a blow of a blacksmith's hammer would have remained quietly horizontal for at least an equal length of time. But the trade-unionists who are felled to the ground by Little are up and at him in less than twenty seconds. A blow which would have fractured the skull of a degenerate Londoner seems to operate as a gentle stimulant to the brain of an edge-tool forger of Hillsborough. These assassins are like the celebrated Deaf Burke, who would begin to look comparatively intelligent after receiving from an antagonist in the ring two or three heavy visitations upon his countenance. We bethink ourselves that Hillsborough is in the country where the Black Knight and Friar Tuck exchanged friendly buffets. But even *le noir faucon* would hardly have fought more vigorously for being knocked down with a blacksmith's hammer. An age which it is the fashion to call degenerate has produced men who would regard it as an agreeable titillation to be filled with a three-man beetle. It is a pity that the resources of the stage-manager fall short of the imagination of the novelist; for we should have liked to have seen Little sprinkling red-hot coals upon his assailants by way of refreshing them after a severe hammering. How fine would be the figure of Little awaiting the onset of his enemies with the hammer in his right hand and a shovel filled with burning coals in his left. Our only suggestion for the improvement of this picture would be, that he should hold a candle in his mouth by way of rendering the darkness of the old church visible. But even without the fire-shovel he manages to produce one of the grandest battle-pieces that have been seen on the modern stage. His assailants on either side hit out with such blind fury, that they seem to aim their blows rather at one another than at the interposed figure which suggests at some moments of the combat recollections of Mr. Pickwick between the carpet-bag and the poker. The fight is maintained with wonderful spirit until succour comes to Little in the persons of the lord of the manor and his servants, who have been attracted by seeing light in the old church. We can only say that we have seen nothing like this combat since the performance in *King Richard III.* of an amateur who had assured his friends that he would fight like a badger and die like a Briton, and who certainly redeemed his promise. Only we do not think that this hammer and fire-shovel business is in the least like real fighting. As the French general said at Balaklava, *C'est magnifique, mais ce n'est pas la guerre.*

In truth, the resources of any theatre would be inadequate to realize even a small part of Mr. Reade's conceptions. Besides the young lady with whom Little is in love, there is a girl who is in love with Little. This young person has a difficulty with a footman about a letter for her mistress, and this is how she settles it. We transcribe from Mr. Reade's novel:—

Putting her left hand to his breast, she gave a great yaw, and then a forward rush with her mighty loins, and a contemporaneous shove with her amazing left arm, that would have pushed down some brick walls.

It is needless to add that she knocked the footman into the middle of next week or thereabouts in the story, and we should have liked to see her do the same in the play. But perhaps the manager was unable to find a lady with mighty loins and an amazing arm to undertake the character; and, indeed, if we except "the strong woman of the wilderness" in the *Princess of Trebizonde*, we cannot call to mind any part which would offer inducement to ladies of exceptional physical vigour to betake themselves to the stage. So we despair of seeing Mr. Reade's idea of "a great yaw" produced in the theatre, and if the like of Jael Dence exists at Hillsborough, it is to be hoped that some modern representative of Friar Tuck may be found to make a husband for her. And if they have a matrimonial quarrel, it would be a great sight to see them fight it out, and superior to anything in the way of fistuffs that has been exhibited since the celebrated match between Heenan and Tom King. We may venture to congratulate Mr. J. S. Mill on the discovery of a breed of women who will soon put men into their right position—namely, the horizontal. For Mr. Reade assures us that his fiction is founded upon fact. It is a pity that he did not make the sensational combat in the old church even more sensational by bringing on Jael Dence alone to deliver Little from his treacherous foes, and it is a greater pity that the late Miss Menken did not live to put proper vigour into the character. The mighty loins and the amazing left arm would have been exhibited to the best advantage in springing into the old church and dropping the accomplished cudgel-player Cole at the moment when he was aiming a decisive blow at Little's head.

It seems rather hard on Mr. Reade that this dramatic exhibition of the power and wickedness of trade-unions should be laughed at by the very few persons who will take the trouble to go and see it. The novel is crammed with tremendous sensational effects, and, as they could not all be produced upon the stage, the author has made a selection which might have been thought judicious until it was seen to be ineffectual. The element of fire has been subjected to managerial command much more thoroughly than water, and while the blowing up and burning of Little's house is a mere ordinary effect, his narrow escape from drowning by the bursting of the great reservoir is probably incapable of being performed at any theatre in London except Sadler's Wells. Nor, again, is it easy to represent the explosion which drives Little through the window of a first-floor room, or the crushing of one of Little's enemies by machinery in which he gets entangled. But it would be easy for the author to construct at least

three different versions of his drama, so as to vary the incidents while retaining the characters and the outline of the story. Thus it seems a pity that the stabbing of Mr. Coventry by Grace Carden on their wedding-day should not be represented on the stage, where also the trial of Shifty Dick, and his recognition by Grace Carden as the sham clergyman who had married her, might be produced with excellent effect. It is only just to Mr. Henry Neville, who takes the part of Little, to acknowledge that he has got up the blacksmith's business carefully, and if the public would encourage him, he might learn to be a carpenter or perhaps a tailor in some other play. But unfortunately the public do not seem to care for the heroic artisan. They laugh when he is making love, and they laugh when he is fighting for his life. It is, indeed, remarkable that an experienced author like Mr. Reade should have apparently no sense of the absurdity of some passages of his dramatic work. Thus he causes somebody to say that the last dying command of Grace Carden's father to his daughter was that she should never marry without a settlement; and, again, where Grace Carden rejects Little, consolation is administered to him by Jael Dence in an application of the proverb that "there are as good fish in the sea as ever came out of it"—a speech which is perhaps more amazing than either the left arm or the loins of the speaker. However, Mr. Reade need not be discouraged. The sensational value of his piece is undeniable, and if he made his hero use his tongue less and his tools more, the literary merit of the work would be improved while the sort of merit at which Mr. Reade has aimed would not be impaired. In the novel Little makes a knife for Grace Carden to cut her cold chicken in the church. But in the play he only makes the blade, and that imperfectly. Let him make the handle also, and thus Mr. Reade will be provided with a weapon which he may use, if he pleases, in cutting down his own play.

#### THE DERBY.

ONE of the dulllest and most disappointing of Derbies is over. The diminished attendance—we never saw so few people on the Downs—was evidence either of the apathy with which the race was regarded, or else that Londoners are gradually becoming conscious that the pleasures of a Derby-day are more imaginary than real. The disappointment was not caused by the result of the race and the overthrow of an unprecedentedly great favourite, for there is no certainty in racing, even under the most favourable conditions, much less on an up and down course like Epsom, as hard at the present time as paving-stone, and as slippery as glass; but by the fact that the greatest race of the year should be contested for by a field of such moderate quality. Last year it was said, and perhaps with justice, that Pretender and Pero Gomez were very far from being first-class horses; but, taking them all through, last year's runners would hold their ground if compared with the fifteen that came to the post last Wednesday. The fearfully dry winter and spring have of course been all against the preparation of horses, and some of the most formidable competitors, such as Bridgewater and Camel, have been disposed of by this cause; while the withdrawal of Sunlight and Sunshine deprived the race of the grandest-looking horse and the best public performer (as a two-year-old) engaged. Still, when every allowance is made for such chances and accidents as these, we do hope to see something like superior form in such a race as the Derby; and when a horse that carried a feather weight in the Chester Cup, and could not get anywhere near the winner, only loses the second place in the Derby by a short head, it is impossible to avoid being disappointed, or to deny that those who proclaim the deterioration of the British race-horse have strong grounds for their assertion. We need hardly say that of the fifteen horses that ran on Wednesday Macgregor was, according to public running, pre-eminently entitled to confidence. He won the Two Thousand in unsurpassed style, beating Kingcraft by at least six lengths; and he fulfilled his engagement at Bath with equal ease, his owner's readiness to run him on the hardest ground so soon before the Derby being plain proof that he had no fear about his legs. His most dangerous antagonist, on public running, was Camel; but Camel was not brought out for the Two Thousand, nor was he a horse likely to stand a severe preparation on hard ground, added to which his best performance at Doncaster, excellent as it was, was accomplished in a handicap; and it is well known that horses often distinguish themselves under heavy weights in handicaps, but utterly fail in weight for age races. Then what shall we say of the remainder? Palmerston, like Camel, was a Nursery winner; Normanby, the second in the Two Thousand, met with an accident the very day before the Derby, and every other Two Thousand horse was beaten so far and so effectually at Newmarket that a reversal of the running at Epsom seemed incredible. Then there was Muster, who could not carry 5 st. 10 lbs. in the Chester Cup, and there were Cymbal and Bonny Swell, and Prince of Wales, a big coarse-looking horse, and Sarsfield, a dark colt from Ireland, and a remarkable animal from the east of London, called Cockney Boy, of whom more hereafter. Against those antagonists no wonder that Macgregor's victory was regarded as a foregone conclusion. It is true that he is a very upright standing horse, with straight pasterns, and that to such horses the Derby course is peculiarly trying. People remembered that Vauban, whose fore-legs somewhat resembled Macgregor's, was opposed by many good judges for the Derby, despite his double triumph at Newmarket, and that they were right, for he was unable to come

down the hill. But Macgregor's victories were so exceptionally brilliant that any imperfections in his make or shape were forgotten or passed over in consideration of his extraordinary racing ability; while any objection on account of the hardness of the ground was met by a reference to his breeding and to the proverb that the Sweetmeats love to hear their feet rattle under them.

As neither Macgregor nor Kingcraft appeared in the Paddock, it may be believed that a visit to that agreeable retreat from the crowd and the din of the Ring was not very exciting. In the absence, however, of the two cracks, a little amusement of another kind was provided to while away the time. A remarkable Derby candidate named Cockney Boy made his appearance about one o'clock, was forthwith saddled and mounted, and thenceforward walked up and down till just before the race. This horse, who is believed when at home to fulfil humble but respectable duties in the parish of Hackney, appeared to command the admiration of his owner and trainer, and seemed for his own part to enjoy the light and unaccustomed work of walking in the pleasant grass of Epsom Paddock. Whether his usual occupation is to draw a cart or a cab we know not; but judging from the appearance of his knees we should say that he is no mean proficient in the art of tumbling down, and, indeed, he favoured the public with an example of his skill in this line soon after the flag fell. Why a beast of this kind should have been entered for the Derby—much more, why he should have actually started for it—we are puzzled to say. But human ambition shows itself in various ways, and there may be people who would not grudge fifty guineas for the honour of sending a horse to the post for the Derby and having their names duly chronicled in the *Racing Calendar*. Another theory has been suggested by a high racing authority, that it is worth any one's while to start, and if possible to ride, a horse in the Derby, for the sake of the splendid view of the race that is thereby obtained. If this was the motive in the present instance, it was certainly kind of the owner of Cockney Boy to pay fifty guineas that a young man called Robertson might see the race well; but his liberal expenditure of money was unfortunately unavailing, for Cockney Boy, who got a bad start, and seemed unable to act up the hill, parted company with his rider after he had traversed about two hundred yards at a moderate pace. Being remounted, however, and having partaken of stimulants, he was enabled, with some persuasion, to travel the course before the bell rang for the next race. From a racing point of view, Cockney Boy was a little outclassed; but we think if he had been matched against the Derby dog he might have shown to greater advantage. The ordinary Derby dog, indeed—an animal with a precocious turn of speed, and that lays himself well down to his work—would, we fancy, have got off with the lead, and have won by a length; but there was a dog on Wednesday, very much pinned in the quarters, and that went very short in his stride, with whom Cockney Boy might have made an exciting finish.

We think that the preliminary canter past the Stand did not attract nearly so much interest as usual. Kingcraft did not show at all, but remained near the starting-post. The favourite, who was saddled near Tattenham Corner, had his forelegs bandaged, and galloped with a rather high, fighting action. Sarsfield, the Irish candidate, is a big peacocky horse, but may make a fine hunter. Camel went lazily and lumberingly, and Normanby did not look nearly so well as at Newmarket. Palmerston was one of the best-trained horses in the race. Cymbal has grown into a remarkably fine-looking horse, but there was nothing about the looks or action of Prince of Wales to recommend him. The course can rarely have been so extraordinarily hard; the worst part, perhaps, being at the top of the hill, where for fifty yards or more there was scarcely a blade of grass to be seen. At Tattenham Corner, too, the ground was very bare of herbage, and when the horses came round they were quite obscured for the moment by a cloud of dust. Everything, in fact, was, and has been throughout the season, against large-framed horses, and in favour of wiry animals not much encumbered with flesh. There was only one false start, and then the flag fell to a moderately good start. Macgregor, Palmerston, and King o' Scots held the lead for the first mile, Kingcraft lying off. The descent of the hill was fatal to more than one. King o' Scots was done with there, and the favourite seemed to us to slinch half way down. But he got round into the straight in a good position, though, so far as we could judge, he never galloped afterwards with the same freedom. Unquestionably the pace down the hill shook his legs severely, and he never fairly recovered his stride; for Fordham was soon seen to be moving on him, and though he answered very gamely, he did not and could not come out with that dash which he showed in the Two Thousand. He was clearly beaten two hundred yards from home, and for a moment the race seemed a match between Muster and Palmerston. But when once Kingcraft—who had been ridden very steadily down the hill, and never bled into a forward position—was let out, his fine turn of speed told in an instant. The race was then over, and Lord Falmouth's horse won exactly as he pleased. A more easy Derby victory was never seen, nor, we may add, a more popular one. Owned by a nobleman who never bets, but races solely for honour and glory, and trained by one of the best of the many good English trainers, Kingcraft was welcomed back to the Stand with more than ordinary enthusiasm. Palmerston and Muster fought out a well-contested battle for second place, Mr. Crawford's horse gaining the award by a neck. Macgregor was an indifferent fourth, and the remainder were widely

scattered. We may add that Camel was never in the race at any one moment, and that Cymbal showed a good turn of speed for about a mile. King o' Scots succumbed at the hill, and Prince of Wales was never formidable. The result of the race was, of course, a remarkable contradiction of public running, Kingcraft beating Macgregor further than he was beaten himself by Mr. Merry's horse at Newmarket. It is clear that the nature of the course was the primary cause of this, but the tactics pursued with Kingcraft were particularly good. It was reported that, relying on his great speed, he would force the running as hard as he could; but had this course been followed, he would have lost the race in all probability. The best policy in nine Derbies out of ten, is not to attempt to get in front until you are well round Tattenham Corner. Kingcraft was handled in this manner. He was kept right in the rear for the first half-mile, then brought up slowly, steadied at the descent of the hill, and never fairly let out till he was well in the straight. Much as has been said of his want of staying power, his owner and trainer can have had little fear on that score, for he let his antagonists get in front of him as much as they pleased, and then galloped past them at the finish. At the same time his finish in the Derby is a wonderful contrast to his utter inability to finish in the Two Thousand. But horses are uncertain animals, and horse-racing is an uncertain amusement.

About Macgregor's running there will no doubt be a conflict of opinion. The plain truth we believe to be that he was sailing along with the race in hand, and that in going down the hill his legs gave way. We do not believe that any alteration in the manner of riding him would have made the slightest difference, unless indeed he had been pulled up at the top of the hill, walked down, and then set going again. Unfortunately, though this may be a safe course of action when a horse's forelegs are doubtful, there is not leisure to carry it out in the Derby, though Gladiator did not go much faster than a walk down Ascot hill when he was running for the Cup. It is simply Mr. Merry's luck and Fordham's luck. Mr. Merry cannot win the Derby, though he breeds the best of horses; Fordham cannot win the Derby, though he is the best of jockeys. Whether Mr. Merry was wise in running Macgregor at Bath, and whether the hard ground there affected his legs, are quite different questions. So, also, whether he showed over confidence in relying on Macgregor alone, and not having Sunshine as a second string to his bow, is a question that has been hotly disputed. But to this a pretty accurate answer will be given by the running in the Oaks, which will be decided before these lines are in print.

## REVIEWS.

### THE BRAHMO-SOMAJ.\*

IN the case of foreigners who come making serious claims on our attention, it is not always easy to reconcile what is due to courtesy and what is due to truth. When they address us at our public meetings, or write books, in our own language, putting their own most cherished thoughts before us for our consideration, and taking great trouble—it may be with singular ability and success—to make them clear and attractive to us, none but very inhospitable and churlish persons would like to fail in rendering them all duties not only of just but of friendly treatment. They speak at a disadvantage, before audiences with whom they are certainly unfamiliar and who may be unsympathizing, and using a language alien at the best, instead of their own. They have thrown themselves on our generosity; and it is a right impulse to give them not only a fair but a favourable and indulgent hearing. On the other hand, in criticizing them—and of course they come to be criticized—it is a weak though not an unnatural thing to over-estimate the importance or the value of what they have to say because it comes from the mouth of a stranger, or to let things pass in them which in an English writer we should put down as shallow, commonplace, or untrue.

Such a claim on our attention has recently been made with some force by a person of undoubtedly remarkable character and talent, who represents a new form of Indian religion. Keshub Chunder Sen is an example of what Western, and especially English, civilization is making of native gentlemen in Bengal. He has thrown himself into the study of English religion and English books till he has thoroughly made himself at home with the ideas and general ways of thinking at least of our generation, and has come to speak and write English with vigour, and at times even eloquence. He is earnest in announcing his religious views, and his earnestness is of the English rather than the Oriental type. He appears before us the spokesman, the leader, almost the prophet of a religious reform which we are told is extensively affecting native society in Bengal, and the peculiarity of this religious reform is said to be that it is not destructive and negative, but anti-sceptical and constructive; and while treating Christianity with much reverence, and freely using it as a source of materials, it does not start from or hold of Christianity, but finds in man, as he is under the present circumstances of his condition and history, a fresh and uncorrupted basis for religious faith and life. This movement, or association, or form of belief, or whatever be the right name for the thing, is called the Brahmo-Somaj.

\* *The Brahmo-Somaj*. Four Lectures. By Keshub Chunder Sen. London: Allen & Co. 1870.



The leading ideas and sentiments of this movement are set forth in some lectures by Keshub Chunder Sen, delivered in Calcutta at different times to mixed audiences of natives and Europeans. That lectures of this kind, implying a considerable familiarity with the course of recent thought in Europe, and with what are the peculiarly English ways of dealing with high and serious subjects, should have been written by an Indian gentleman, and addressed to an Indian audience which understood and appreciated them, is of itself a significant fact. It shows that what Greek literature did at Rome, English is doing in India; attracting by its intrinsic value and charm a portion at least of the higher intellect of the country, and necessarily, where it exercises this natural and unforced attraction, influencing and impregnating it. When once a literature such as that of England, so rich, so various, so deep and real, so abounding in power and beauty, has fairly of itself caught hold of minds keen, quick, and versatile like those of the natives of India, a greater effect is to be looked for than even in the corresponding action of Greek thought and expression on the coarser, rougher, narrower, and more self-sufficient character of the people which had conquered Greece. We may expect a new native literature to grow up, partly English, partly Hindoo, at first mainly imitative and tentative, but perhaps at last going out in forms of its own, and even able to react upon that which gave it birth, and to do again what the East did once but has long ceased from doing—to present new ideas, profound, substantial, and instinct with life and power to us Westerns. But such results do not come at once, or for the most part till there has been a great and insensible raising of levels, and perfecting of instruments and processes. Our own generation is not likely to see it. But in the meantime we may look with interest on writers and thinkers like Keshub Chunder Sen, who perhaps are the pioneers of changes of which we cannot yet imagine the direction or the extent.

The lectures appear to have created some excitement in England, which has been increased by the presence of the writer, and by hearing him speak and preach. They are, as we have said, remarkable productions for a man whose native language is not English, and whose native language was an Oriental one. There is much that is pleasing in what the writer shows of his own mind and habitual ways of thinking and feeling. It was to be expected, from his eclectic position and his twofold relation to England and India, that he would be large-hearted, sympathetic, and just; but there is more than this. With a manly straightforwardness and a manly warmth, there is a grave and refined appreciation of what is spiritually elevated, noble, and pure. Whatever may be our estimate of him as a religious reformer of India and of Christendom, it is at least satisfactory that, whatever may be said against our rule in India, types of character like this are the direct product of it, and that without it they would have been impossible.

But to an English reader the lectures, apart from their Indian origin, can hardly be said to be calculated to arrest or repay attention. They are simply an echo of what we are familiar with here; and we look through them in vain, as far as ideas go, for anything that seems distinctive of the Oriental mind and cast of character. The subjects of the lectures are, *Jesus Christ, Europe and Asia; Great Men; Regenerating Faith; The Future Church*. The theological side of them is treated as they would be treated by the more reverent and warmer school of advanced Liberal theologians; the ethical treatment shows that India as well as England owns the influence of Mr. Carlyle. The lectures are gratifying, sometimes inspiring, to our feelings. We cannot but say that they are unsatisfactory, and at times even provoking, to our intellect. They show the writer's sympathy for moral nobleness, sweetness, and refinement rather than his power to grasp and measure the elements of the great questions which beset his path as a religious inquirer and reformer. The best of his published lectures is one entitled *Regenerating Faith*. It is a very beautiful and touching expansion of ideas, which are now common in all Christian literature, respecting the moral effect on character, to elevate and purify it, of single-hearted and real convictions on the great truths of religion. Some of our best preachers need not have been ashamed of some of its pages, which draw the picture of childlike innocence, and speak of the secret of its power over temptation. But we seek in vain for any clear and strong intellectual foundation for the writer's eloquent and evidently earnest appeals. The philosophy of them, so far as it appears, is cloudy and indistinct. If any one wishes to see an instance of the fatal fascination which Mr. Carlyle's doctrine of the heroic has exercised on an Eastern, and particularly an Indian, mind, he will find one of rare perfection, from the absolute unconsciousness shown by the writer that he is talking nonsense, in the lecture on *Great Men*:

Great men, though human, are divine. This is the striking peculiarity of all great men. In them we see a strange and mysterious combination of the human and the divine nature, of the earthly and the heavenly. . . . A deep mystery hangs over the root of his life. . . . If a prophet is not God, is he a mere man? That cannot be. Such a hypothesis would not adequately explain all the problems of his life. The fact is, as I have already said, he is both divine and human; he is both God and man. He is a "God-man." He is an "incarnation" of God. Yes, I look upon a prophet as a divine incarnation; in this sense, that he is the spirit of God, manifest in human flesh. True incarnation is not, as popular theology defines it, the absolute perfection of the divine nature embodied in mortal form; it is not the God of the Universe putting on a human body; . . . it simply means God manifest in humanity; not God made man, but God in man.

Of course we are all of us familiar with language of something of the same kind in the mouths of writers of very different views. But what is curious here is the simplicity with which the writer

lays down his propositions, as if he were merely putting in clearer or more comprehensive words what all the world really holds. It is not meant for mere rhetoric or poetry, but for a distinct statement of fact, to correct a popular error; and the odd thing is that it never occurs to the writer to ask himself whether it is worth while laying down propositions of some difficulty and reach, merely on his own authority, without the slightest thought of proving or explaining them, or making clear what he means.

Language of this kind, vague, ambitious, and misty, and moreover not even original in its grandiloquence or showing an attempt at first hand, genuine though unsuccessful, to grapple with large and complex thought, is a considerable abatement to the intrinsic interest of these lectures. They do show on the part of the writer a deep and delicate sense of the excellence and charm of Christian morality. But they show a very insufficient power of penetrating to its real roots, and judging of the conditions on which it rests. They set forth, always earnestly and sometimes eloquently, what ought to be the results of an adequate and elevated religion, what ought to be the results of such a religion on that of the Gospels. But the writer does not trouble himself with anything beyond the results; he does not trouble himself to ask what are the suppositions and fundamental beliefs, not less indispensable because kept in the background, which are the spring and the support of these results. It does not seem to have struck him that the high morality which he extols and preaches is itself the fruit of a long, slow, painful course of development and culture; that, even with the New Testament in his hand, his own thoughts of its meaning would be very different if they had not been widened and quickened by the spiritual enlargement and refinement which are among the historical results of the diversified religious education of Christendom. Thus, for instance, he is very fervent against sectarianism and the spirit of bigotry. It is in the highest degree natural that a Hindoo wishing to appropriate the greatness and strength of Christianity should be deeply struck and moved by the quarrels of Christians, and their mixture of pettiness and bitterness. Still, if he undertakes to comment on them, he ought to understand something about them, and how they are to be accounted for. But when we are told that it is

the evil of awarding exclusive honour to particular prophets that has filled the religious world with jealousies, hatred, and sanguinary strife, and made their followers plunge the dagger of brutal animosity into each other's breast: in fact, it is this which has mainly originated sectarianism and multiplied hostile Churches—

though we fully recognise the wholesomeness and necessity of the warning given, and little as we love prophet worship, it is difficult to repress a smile at the gravity and peremptoriness with which it is here assigned as the simple and obvious cause of "sectarianism and hostile Churches"; as if the writer had never heard of deep and difficult questions, and of their power to interest and divide men. It is well to denounce sectarianism; but if a man expects to do so with effect he must not show shallow views of the causes which produce and sustain it.

But these lectures, though they may not in themselves have anything very striking or new except the high and earnest tone of feeling which pervades them, open reflections as to the religious prospects of India. The importance of the movement of which Keshub Chunder Sen is the spokesman lies in its significance in relation to Oriental minds. That it has already exerted a certain amount of influence we are assured. What are the chances of its taking such a shape as to enable this new religious philosophy to replace the older native religions? What are its advantages over other and more customary ways of presenting Western religious ideas to Eastern proselytes? It has undoubtedly one advantage, that it is a thing of native growth. It starts from a basis which Indian thinkers have laid down for themselves, and on which they build only just so much as suits them of the teaching which sways the West, and comes with a Western stamp on it. It ought, therefore, in itself to be more adapted to attract and influence men brought up in Indian ways of thought than anything imported from a remote and in many ways thoroughly uncongenial form of religious and social life. And as far as we are able to judge, among men who are at once intellectually vigorous and morally of noble temper and capable of high aims, its chances are considerable of making a deep and permanent impression. But as a religion of the future for India we do not see in it any signs of conquest. In the first place, though it has been worked out by Indian minds, it is after all essentially Western. It is but a reflex, and rather a pale one, of a phase of religious thought and sentiment, the product of our own religious history and accumulating religious difficulties, which lies at the bottom of much of our popular writing and has besides some very eloquent and powerful expounders. To the mass of Indian society it will be only one form the more of Western religion; one Christian sect the more in addition to those already there, assailing the old native faiths. Then it is difficult to imagine a religion making progress, especially in the East, without something that can be called doctrines; something which the mind can lay hold of as a definite answer to inevitable questions; something which it can say to itself that it believes and by imagination realizes. A strong high moral tone can hardly be relied upon by itself to recommend a religion which aspires to be popular; it needs besides an object of faith; it needs to take account of moral evil and sin, and to confront it more directly than by simply preaching its opposites. An Indian who asked what he was to believe of the person whom he worshipped, and what he was to think when his conscience recalled

his sins, might be told by this new religion that he had better not ask such questions too closely. His conclusion would probably be that he could do without the religion.

#### AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF JOHN B. GOUGH.\*

THIS is a book which the reader will probably put down with an odd mixture of feelings. He will find a certain simplicity and frankness about it which is rather prepossessing. Mr. Gough apologizes with much equanimity for his literary shortcomings. Owing to a miscalculation of the quantity of copy required, he has been obliged, he tells us, to cancel some portions, thus producing "some awkward and sudden breaks in the narrative," and an abrupt conclusion. He thinks, not unnaturally, that much of what has been omitted might have been retained, and even admits that some things may have been inserted which might as well have been left out. In this last opinion we are forced to concur. The book is still about twice the length it ought to have been, and there is a great deal of very dreary matter, consisting apparently of a simple republication of Mr. Gough's business diary, and of a quantity of irrelevant newspaper cuttings and repetitions of very threadbare commonplaces. However, by judicious skipping the intelligent reader may put together a picture of character which is not without its interest. Whether he will be attracted or repelled upon the whole is a matter which must depend upon individual tastes, and we will endeavour, without prejudging the question, to present him with a copy of Mr. Gough's self-drawn portrait on a very reduced scale.

Mr. Gough, we must begin by saying to those ignorant of his reputation, is a well-known Temperance orator, though he is modest enough to repudiate the oratorical title. He was born in England in 1817, his father having been a private soldier in the 40th and 52nd Regiments, and having served in the Peninsular war. His mother managed to give him a better education than that usual in his class, and he went out to America at the age of twelve, with the view of making his fortune. After various vicissitudes he got employment as a book-binder, and made a few attempts to rise by his talents as an actor in low comedy. Unluckily he took to drink, and appears from his own account to have been on the verge of delirium tremens. His first wife and child died, and he was drunk before they were buried. Gradually he became a notorious drunkard and spent every cent he could raise upon liquor. At the lowest ebb of his fortunes he was induced to take the pledge and join in the temperance agitation then going on in America. He became rapidly known as a good speaker, and, though he once relapsed into drink, he has since maintained a high character. It appears that he now makes as much as 2,000*l.* a year by his lectures; he has addressed crowded audiences in England and America, and he regards himself as a brand snatched from the burning and a brilliant example to all the too numerous drunkards in both hemispheres. Ever since his conversion he has been going about the world telling over and over again the story of his life. He makes, as he tells us, no particular pretence to logic, and, if possible, less pretence to learning. He simply says in a great variety of forms, "Once I was a degraded being on the verge of the grave; now I am a thoroughly respectable gentleman, with a wife and family, a pleasant house of my own, 2,000*l.* a year earned by my own exertions, and, in short, with everything handsome about me." The example is a very forcible one, and we may fully believe, though we are far from sympathizing with all Mr. Gough's views, that he has done a great deal of good, and persuaded a large number of unfortunate victims of drink to retrace their steps and climb at least some steps of the ladder which he has so successfully mounted.

The odd part of the book is, as may be supposed from this summary, the queer mixture of the material and the spiritual points of view. Mr. Gough may be considered as the successor and representative in modern times of the moral reformers who have risen up at different periods to protest against the prevailing vices of their day. Judging him by this standard, we may admit that the evil which he denounces is one which scarcely yields in intensity to the worst of those which have provoked the indignation of former preachers; we may say too that, if Mr. Gough is far from deserving a conspicuous place amongst the benefactors of their species, he has done something to raise many English and American working-men to a conviction of the sinfulness of the habit which he attacks; but we must add that the modern reformer, if Mr. Gough is to be taken as a fair specimen, has something curiously prosaic and limited about him. Our ideal of a prophet is of one who gives up his life to the benefit of his fellow-creatures; who stirs the deepest emotions of his hearers by appealing to their highest faith; and who, if he is not inaccessible to sympathy, is at least above the vulgar applause which speaks through newspaper articles and the tremendous cheers of public meetings. Now Mr. Gough, if he benefits his fellow-creatures, has succeeded simultaneously in getting a very comfortable position for himself; he appeals to his audience, not so much by more spiritual motives, as by putting into very plain language the sort of teaching which Hogarth embodied in his pictures—the idle apprentice takes to drinking gin and ends at the gallows, the industrious apprentice marries his master's daughter and ultimately becomes Lord Mayor of London; and, finally, Mr. Gough seems to have preserved with touching affection all the notices of

the public press which have occasionally borne witness to his oratorical triumphs. We might draw a queer parallel between Mr. Gough's records and some of the narratives of martyrs of a loftier stamp. We may remember, for example, certain eloquent catalogues of the sufferings and labours endured by the early missionaries of Christianity. How would they read beside such a statement as this? "From May 14, 1843, to June 1, 1869, I have delivered 6,064 public addresses, and travelled 272,235 miles, independent of all travelling for pleasure or on occasions not connected with my work. Of the addresses, 443 were delivered gratuitously. There were up to 1853—when I first went to England—215,179 names obtained to the pledge," &c. &c. To which we may add from another table that his average receipts per lecture were in 1843, \$2.77, and rose gradually till in 1860 they were \$60.10, and in 1867 no less than \$173.39. Obviously there have been parts of the world where they didn't know everything, and certainly had not discovered how mankind might be reformed whilst the reformer might pocket over thirty pounds a night.

The persecutions, again, encountered by Mr. Gough do not stand a very good comparison with the scourings and imprisonments of which we have read elsewhere. The worst thing that happened to him in this direction was a circumstance thus described:—"A pamphlet written by a Mr. Snelling, of Boston—entitled *Goughiana*—a thing so vile that as it dropped from his pen it fell dead from its own corruption—a thing that no respectable paper alluded to here (i.e. in America), was sent over to England, and the galvanized corpse of the most abominable slander ever perpetrated against any human being was paraded in pamphlet form." It seems, or at least it is suggested as probable, that some of the teetotal speakers in England were jealous of Mr. Gough's success, and one of them spread a report that he had been frequently seen drunk at the time when his lectures on temperance were drawing crowded audiences. Mr. Gough very properly resisted this attack by bringing an action for libel in the Court of Exchequer, and the defendant withdrew charges which he was utterly unable to prove, and which, so far as we can judge, were an exaggerated and distorted account of the lapse of which Mr. Gough has given a very frank account. If his persecutions were not unbearable, his reward has been considerable. Two of the illustrations in this volume represent the humble cottage in which Mr. Gough first drew breath, and the exceedingly comfortable residence of which he is now the happy proprietor. A supplementary picture introduces us to Mr. Gough's commodious library, and suggests that the interior correspond to the external charms of his dwelling-place. On another page we have a list of the presents made to Mr. Gough on his silver wedding, on which occasion original poems were delivered by James P. Congdon, of New Bedford, and Rev. E. P. Dyer, of Shrewsbury, and a song was sung by Rev. W. Phipps, of Paxton, Mass. The presents included a massive solid silver épergne, elaborately described and valued at one thousand dollars, a number of silver spoons, vases, and nutcrackers, photographs, bouquets, a rare old coin, and a copy of Wycliffe's Bible. One hundred and five friends from America and England sent congratulatory letters, and a memorial pamphlet was issued by the Committee. Altogether, in Yankee phrase, Mr. Gough and his 267 guests appear to have had a very good time of it. Finally, we will remark that Mr. Gough has generally encountered more enthusiastic audiences in his assaults on the Monster, as he delights to describe it, than some persons who in old times offended the worshippers of Diana of the Ephesians. He admits that, if his personal presence is not exactly contemptible, he is "awkward and ungraceful," and has an awkward habit of shaking his coat-tails, together with an unrestrained vehemence of gesticulation, which once led him unintentionally to plant what he calls a "stinger in the face" of the reverend gentleman whose church he was honouring with an oration. Moreover, a description of himself which he quotes very honestly declares that no one can listen to him for an hour without coming to the conclusion that he is "nothing more than a theatrical mountebank"; and he says, though these are obviously devices of the enemy, that he has been called a "sycophantic wedding," a "priestly vassal," a "wilful liar or a consummate ass," and a "religious thief." But, on the other hand, he has received whole pages of glowing eulogy. Soyer—the last man, it might be thought, to praise a teetotaler—called him a "sublime man"; Lord Shaftesbury pronounced upon him, as another writer tells us, the "most flattering yet truthful eulogiums"; his "mode of address is one of which mankind will never tire until human nature becomes divested of its inherent properties"; and so we should think, if it be true that his speaking is "a species of mortar firing, in which old nails, broken bottles, chips of iron, and bits of metal with balls of lead—anything, everything partaking of the nature of a missile are available," whilst "the compound mass is showered forth with resistless might and powerful execution." We are not surprised to hear of his "fervid eloquence and marvellous power of execution," his "enlarged human sympathy and deep-toned piety"; or to be told of "a heaving surge of humanity which rose *en masse* to welcome him, as if lashed into a very tempest of enthusiasm." To prevent misconception, we will add that this eloquence is the product of the genuine British penny-a-liner, and we will leave our readers to imagine what might be the force of American eloquence upon the same topic.

Perhaps it is not quite fair to try Mr. Gough by the highest standard. A disreputable and drunken artisan who has raised

\* *Autobiography of John B. Gough.* London: Sampson Low, Son, & Marston. 1870.



himself to the capacity of earning 2,000*l.* a year by his eloquence may be pardoned for a little harmless vanity and for a few lapses from good taste. He is not quite of the heroic mould; but he is in the main a sensible and energetic man, of considerable ability though small cultivation, whose example might be set before many persons in his former condition with considerable profit. Perhaps a lesson of this rather prosaic kind may be more on a level with many minds than those due to teachers of a loftier type. We will only add that Mr. Gough has a certain sense of humour, though he thinks it right to declare that his "tendency to make fun" has done him no good. However, it has led to his introducing one or two amusing stories in a rather prosy volume, of which we may venture to quote a specimen or two. The following is a quaint example of a practice which Mr. Gough properly appreciates. A certain minister presiding at his lecture, he says, after opening the proceedings with a prayer, proceeded to say, "Ladies and Gentlemen, as I have informed you in my prayer, the temperance cause is in a healthy state, &c." Another gentleman prayed on a similar occasion "that the height of the platform may not so interfere with the comfort of the lecturer but that he may be able to give us as good a lecture here as in other rooms." And, to conclude, we may quote the following effusion of an elder who was invited to pray on the day after a battle:—"Oh, Lord! I never see such a day as it was yesterday, and I don't believe you ever did." Extempore prayer has its difficulties.

#### MARGOLIOUTH'S ANGLO-HEBREWS IN EAST-ANGLIA.\*

THE Archaeological Institute—we beg its pardon, the Royal Archaeological Institute—seems to have gone down a good deal in the world since the days when it was the means of putting forth the historical works of Dr. Guest and the architectural works of Professor Willis. We have before us a specimen of the results of the Bury St. Edmunds meeting, which certainly calls for the immediate appearance of some other results of first-rate merit to counterbalance it. It must in justice be said that Dr. Margoliouth's book is not published by the Institute. But it was read at one of its meetings, and, according to the Doctor himself, it seems to have received a good deal of admiration when it was read. Now we are far from saying that bits of solid information may not be picked up out of the volume; but they are so overlaid with twaddle that it needs a vehement effort of conscientiousness to discern and to do justice to them. A really interesting subject, a curious episode in English history, is made ridiculous by the sentimental and quasi-religious talk with which it is daubed over.

The history of the Jews in England or in any other European country, traced out soberly by the light of chronicles, documents, and architectural remains, would be a really valuable contribution to our knowledge of past times. The position of the Jews was a very remarkable one, and many of the Jews themselves seem to have been remarkable men. Their position in the country was, in point of law, something wholly exceptional. Their state of combined privilege and persecution may perhaps have its parallel in the history of religious communities in the East. The whole Orthodox Church in the Turkish dominions might for a long time have been said to be at once established and persecuted; but there is a wide difference between the great bulk of the inhabitants of a country and a small and isolated class of foreign immigrants, distinguished moreover by the exceptional possession of a particular kind of wealth. The Jews settled in England do not indeed seem to have ranked high in the esteem of their brethren in general, or to have contributed much to the intellectual movements which took place among the Jews of the early middle age. Still they were members of the same body, a body which, isolated as it was, could do but little in the way of general enlightenment, but which undoubtedly kept up a high standard among its own members. All this is worthy to be thoroughly worked out, but it must be worked out in a bold, manly, critical spirit. We must have no intrusion of the maudlin sentimentality of Exeter Hall; we must deal with the historic Jews as we find them, not with the "dear Jews" of a May Meeting. The man, Jew or Christian, who undertakes it, must lay aside all prejudices and must look the facts as fully in the face as if he were searching into the driest problem of archaeology. As long as to talk about Jews is supposed in any way to profit the soul, as long as we are brought in any way within the influence of "that sweet word Mesopotamia," history cannot exist. We must learn to deal with Jews and Chaldees as dispassionately as we should deal with Basques and Burgundians. Dr. Margoliouth at any rate has not learned this art. Every word that he writes savours of the pulpit or the platform.

We pass by a preface and several other pages of twaddle, and make our way to Dr. Margoliouth's notions about the Jews in East-Anglia and in Britain in general. It is well for all of us to know our place, and all dwellers in this island, Celts or Teutons, will do well to bear in mind for the future that they are alike mere intruders on Jewish ground. Not only Hengest, but Cadwalader himself, had as little business here in Britain as either Saracens or Crusaders had in Jerusalem. "The Anglo-Hebrews" were, according to Dr. Margoliouth, "the oldest settlers in this

island." Those who drove them out in 1290 were "comparatively recent settlers." The Jews, it seems, came into Britain in the days of Solomon, seeking for tin. "A small remnant of that monarch's subjects remained in Cornwall since that time." Dr. Margoliouth has "traced that remnant by the paths of philology and by the byways of nomenclature." There is a story of a man spelling out a waypost with great difficulty, and at last making out the writing to be "This road goes nowhere." Dr. Margoliouth's paths and byways seem to lead towards the same quarter. They guide him into the lowest quag of prescientific etymology—that of fancying that the Celtic tongues are Hebrew. We suppose that the Celts, coming into the island at some time after the reign of Solomon, adopted the speech of the small remnant which they found in Cornwall. For if the Semitic colony was only a small remnant and remained in Cornwall only, they could hardly have been the forefathers of the whole Celtic population of Britain. This change of language is very remarkable, but it is hardly so remarkable as the fact that the apparently mingled race of Jews and Britons somehow got called "Anglo-Hebrews." This, strange as it seems, must have happened at a very early time, as the Hebrew Chronicles quoted by Dr. Margoliouth assure us that Augustus made an edict in favour of the Jews in the "British territory, which is the country Angleterre, and which is designated England in the vernacular." He also did the like for other Jews "beyond the Indian Sea." Now if we can believe that Augustus exercised jurisdiction in Britain, and even, it seems, beyond Britain—that is, we suppose, in Ireland—and also beyond the Indian Sea, it is not much harder to believe that he spoke English and French. And accordingly, "in the *Tzemach David*, a Hebrew Chronicle of some importance, written by Rabbi David Ganz," and from which Dr. Margoliouth gives us an extract (without points) in his Appendix, we do in all soberness find our island spoken of as ענגלאנד, אונגלאנד, and אונגלאנד. So we suppose that we must believe about Augustus, and we suppose we must also believe that Gildas was "the proto-Anglo-historian." But it is the last pound that breaks the camel's back—the Gimel's back, and when Dr. Margoliouth goes on, according to the Oxford pun, to "Ingulf us" in the swamps of Crowland, we begin to draw back.

Dr. Margoliouth's general mediæval scholarship may perhaps be tested by the fact that when he finds a king keeping *Natalis, Noël*, or Christmas, he fancies it to be the monarch's own birthday. But we are more concerned with his doings among his own folk, or those whom he fancies to be his own folk. For Dr. Margoliouth has, among other weaknesses, a weakness for fancying that every one who bears an Old Testament name must have been of Jewish descent. What he would make of Simon of Montfort, of Elias of La Flèche and his brother Enoch, does not appear. From Simon he was perhaps warned off by a prudent correspondent who told him that "the Norman thieves" were rather fond of the name. But he pounces with glee on Solomon, King of Brittany, on the Manasses of Domesday, and on Abbot Sampson of Bury. Nay, because certain Jews somehow got to be called Benedict or Bennet, we are told that Dr. Margoliouth "never yet met a man of that name whose countenance was not marked with strong Jewish features." Has he got photographs of the original St. Benedict and of the "Northumbrian gentleman" Benedict Biscop? Benedict being a Norwich Jew leads us at once to the immediate subject "the historic Anglo-Hebrews of East-Anglia." Their chief tangible memorial is the well known house in Bury, called Moyses' Hall. In examining this building, it did not occur to Dr. Margoliouth to compare it with the still more famous Jews' House at Lincoln. Neither did it occur to him to look in so obvious a book as Mr. Hudson Turner's (or rather Mr. Parker's) *Domestic Architecture*, till his "attention was directed to it" after his own account was written, and seemingly printed. But he "finds it to correspond, in its architectural details, with the oldest existing synagogue in Europe, that of Prague." There is the slight difficulty that the house at Bury is undoubtedly of the twelfth century, while Mr. G. G. Scott describes the Prague synagogue as a pure specimen of work of the fourteenth. After this we must decline to follow Dr. Margoliouth through his exposition of the ritual and domestic arrangements of the building at Bury. Into the interesting question which has been started, whether the use of stone for strictly domestic architecture was not introduced in Western Europe by the Jews—a question which must be studied at Dol and Le Mans as well as at Lincoln and Bury—he does not enter at all. Nor has he anything to tell us about that curious account in Rigord's *Life of Philip Augustus*, how the synagogues at Orleans and Etampes were seized and turned into churches—an account which suggests the question whether the strange and anomalous fortified church of Notre Dame at Etampes contains any portions of the Hebrew building. But the great subject of Dr. Margoliouth's talk is a certain pot with a Hebrew inscription, which was found somewhere in Suffolk in the seventeenth century. Dr. Margoliouth does not seem to have seen it, or to know where it is, though we have heard hints that it is somewhere in the British Museum. The Doctor, however, criticizes it very freely on the strength of a pen-and-ink sketch. It was bought by Dr. Covell, Master of Christ's College, Cambridge, the author of the *Account of the Greek Church*, of whom it is certainly not wonderful to hear that he "knew sufficient of the Hebrew alphabet to be aware that the inscription on the cineture of his purchase was not Greek." Divers people, it seems, both "Anglo-Hebrews" and members of the inferior class of "Anglo-Gentiles," explained the inscription wrongly, but at last Dr. Margoliouth has of course explained it rightly. So of course we are bound to believe, though we cer-

\* *Vestiges of the Historic Anglo-Hebrews in East Anglia. With Appendices and an Apocryphal Essay.* By the Rev. M. Margoliouth, LL.D., Ph.D., &c. &c. London: Longmans & Co. 1870.

tainly should have more faith in the explanation if the Doctor had seen the pot with his own eyes.

The *Apropos* Essay is devoted to prove, first, that the annals of the Jews in England ought to be written, a point on which we fully agree with Dr. Margoliouth; and further, that they cannot be written by a stiff-necked traditional Jew, or by a rationalizing Jew, nor yet by a Gentile, not even by "a Gentile Stanley" or "a Gentile Froude," but only by a person of a class darkly described as "a Niebuhr-Jewish Historian"—a class from whom we may expect "a reliable, sound, critical, and unbiassed history of the Jews." This class, we somehow cannot help thinking, must be co-extensive with Dr. Margoliouth himself. Of his achievements in the critical and unbiassed line we will give two specimens:—

Were the aboriginal Britons wrong in having given up their hideous and murderous form of idolatry for "the glorious Gospel of the living God?" In what condition would now the British sages have been, if all their ancestors had died worshippers of Odin, or Thor?

The aboriginal Britons, the first settlers in the island, were, we were taught by Dr. Margoliouth, no other than the Hebrews themselves. Now it is still more strange to find Hebrew worshippers of Odin and Thor than it would be to find worshippers of them among those whom we should more naturally understand by the name of aboriginal Britons. As for that unhappy being, an Englishman, or in Dr. Margoliouth's dialect, an "Anglo-Gentile," it is well that he should learn his proper place:—

Others may think what they please; but I consider that it is an infinitely higher honour—I mean for people who seek honour one from another, in consideration of pedigree—to be able to trace one's descent, be it ever so remotely, to the sacred race, than to the equivocal races of Saxon, Dane, Norman, Batavian, &c. &c.

#### COX'S MYTHOLOGY OF THE ARYAN NATIONS.\*

(Second Notice.)

THE question concerning the revolting nature of acts ascribed in mythology to divine personages receives a satisfactory solution in many cases through the simple adoption of the Solar theory. Ixion (the Sun) rises gradually up to the height of heaven, and may in mythical language be described as aspiring to the love of Hère, the Queen of heaven; but when he cannot ascend higher he may very properly be regarded as forced by the King of heaven to roll his fiery wheel (apt figure of the Sun himself) downwards for ever. Kronos eats his own children, because the successive Days, the offspring of Time, are each in turn swallowed up into the never-sated stomach of Time itself. Tantalus roasts his son as an offering to Zeus, because the Sun, attaining to his mid-day heat, withers up the very fruits he had himself brought to perfection. The Sun, constantly journeying onwards through the heavens, and always showing the same brilliant exultant face, can hardly be fancied as mourning, and is therefore provided with new happiness in the love of some beautiful maiden in every land over which he travels, till at length, as Endymion, he sinks down wearied and sleeps, yet even then is looked on with loving eyes by the moon (Seléné). If these beings are regarded as governed by human or divine moral laws, they excite the disgust which belongs to the infraction of these laws. But if the present interpretation be true, such disgust fails to reach them, for they were not anthropomorphic conceptions of deity, but ideal modes of expression for physical phenomena to which moral laws are utterly inapplicable.

The Solar theory, then, introduces us to a wide field of mythology, and explains the basis on which countless stories rest. We find representatives of the Sun not only among the higher gods, such as Phoebus Apollo and Baldr, but also among the heroes or demigods in numbers which surprise us, till we remember that the myths which tell their adventures are mainly local, and give evidence of the ubiquitous presence under various names of this greatest power in nature. Thus not only Helios and Phaethon his son, but Orpheus, Memnon, Heraklès, Perseus, Theseus, Ixion, Bellerophon, Oidipous, Achilles, Odysseus, Meleagros, and many others, are claimed by Mr. Cox as bearing this character; and though the result must be startling to those who know their stories only as poets and Apollodorus have manipulated them, it is certainly supported by very cogent arguments. Many of them follow the course of the sun from east to west, and are constant travellers; others are by their genealogy clearly of solar descent (from Zeus, Helios, &c.); others bear the solar character of toil for masters meaner than themselves; others, after a brilliant and valiant youth, sink into inaction, suggested by the lassitude produced by the heat of the tropical day, and only resume their great powers towards the close of their career. The Norse mythology reproduces the same heroes in Sigmund the son of Volsung, and his son Sigurd; and the German Nibelungen Lied expands the story of the latter somewhat in the same manner as the *Odyssey* treats that of Odysseus. Even more strikingly does the cycle of romances about King Arthur exhibit the same characteristics that we find in the Greek stories of Solar heroes:—

As useless for all historical purposes, and as valuable to the comparative mythologist, is the significant romance of King Arthur. Probably in no other series of legends is there a more manifest recurrence of the same myth under different forms. The structure of the tale is simple enough. Arthur himself is simply a reproduction of Sigurd or Perseus. Round him are other

brave knights, and these, not less than himself, must have their adventures; and thus Arthur and Balin answer respectively to Achilles and Odysseus in the *Achaian* hosts. . . . Stripped thus of its adventitious matter, the poem assumes a form common to the traditions or folk-lore of all the Teutonic, or even all the Aryan nations. Not only is the wonderful sword of Roland seen again in the first blade granted to King Arthur, but the story of the mode in which Arthur becomes master of it is precisely the story of the Teutonic Sigurd and the Greek Theseus. We might almost say with truth that there is not a single incident with which we are not familiar in the earlier legends. The fortunes of Igraine, Arthur's mother, are precisely those of Alkméné, Uther playing the part of Zeus, while Gorlois takes the place of Amphitryon. As soon as he is born, Arthur is wrapped in a cloth of gold, the same glittering raiment which in the Homeric hymn the nymphs wrap round the new-born Pheibos, and like the infant Cyrus, who is arrayed in the same splendid garb, is placed in the hands of a poor man, whom the persons charged with him, like Harpagos, meet at the postern-gate of the castle. In his house the child grows, like Cyrus and Romulus and others, a model of human beauty, and, like them, he cannot long abide in his lowly station. Some one must be chosen king, and the trial is to be that which Odin appointed for the recovery of the sword Gram, which he had thrust up to the hilt in the great roof-tree of Volsung's hall. There was seen in the churchyard, at the east end by the high altar, a great stone formed square, and in the midst thereof was like an anvil of steel a foot high, and therein stuck a fair sword naked by the point, and letters of gold were written about the sword, that said thus, "Whoso pulleth out this sword out of this stone and anvil is rightwise born King of England." . . . None now can draw it forth but Arthur, to whose touch it yields without force or pressure. . . . But although, like the playmates of Cyrus, the knights scorn to be governed by a boy whom they hold to be baseborn, yet they are compelled to yield to the ordeal of the stone, and Arthur, being made king, forgives them all. The sword thus gained is, in Arthur's first war, so bright in his enemies' eyes, that it gives light like thirty torches, as the glorious radiance flashes up to heaven when Achilles dons his armour. But this weapon is not to be the blade with which Arthur is to perform his greatest exploits. Like the sword of Odin in the Volsung story, it is snapped in twain in the conflict with Pellinore; but it is of course brought back to him in the form of Excalibur, by a maiden who answers to Thetis or to Hjordis. Arthur, riding with Merlin along a lake, becomes "ware of an arm clothed in white samite that held a fair sword in the hand." This is the fatal weapon, whose scabbard answers precisely to the panoply of Achilles, for while he wears it Arthur cannot shed blood, even though he be wounded. Like all the other sons of Helios, Arthur has his enemies, and King Rience demands as a sign of homage the beard of Arthur, which gleams like the splendour of the golden locks or rays of Phoebos Akersekmes. The demand is refused, but in the mediæval romance there is room for others who reflect the glory of Arthur, while his own splendour is for the time obscured. . . . On the significance of the Round Table we must speak elsewhere. It is enough for the present to note that it comes to Arthur with the bride whose dowry is to be to him as fatal as the treasures of the Argive Helen to Menelaos. In the warning of Merlin that Guinevere "is not wholesome for him," we see that earlier conception of Helen in which the Attic tragedians differ so pointedly from the poets of the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*. As Helen is to be the ruin of cities, of men, and of ships, so is Guinevere to bring misery on herself and on all around her. Dangers thicken round Arthur, and he is assailed by enemies as dangerous as Kîrké and Kalypso to Odysseus. The Fay Morgan seeks to steal Excalibur, and succeeds in getting the scabbard, which she throws into a lake, and Arthur now may both bleed and die. . . . But even at the last the story exhibits the influence of the old myth. Neither Arthur himself nor any others think that he is really dying. His own words are, "I will unto the vale of Avilion, to heal me of my grievous wound." There, in the shadowy valley in which Endymion sinks to sleep, the thought of the renewed life in store for Memnon or Sarpedon or Adonis showed itself in the epitaph

Hic jacet Arthurus, rex quondam rexque futurus.

The ancient simple myths were joined together and developed into long stories, as we have just seen in the exposition of that of Arthur, which moreover is further lengthened out by the insertion of the separate histories of each of his chief knights, including the search of each for the San Grael. The *Iliad* and the *Odyssey* furnish the most eminent examples of this; and a history of mythology would be imperfect indeed if it threw no light on the original stories which lie together embodied in these great epics. Mr. Cox devotes a large part of his work to the demonstration of the mythic element which he finds in these. He speaks of them as the epics which bear the name of Homer, and of their writers in the plural, and evidently regards their composition or compilation as very much later than they are usually assumed to be. He insists on the facts proved by Mr. Paley, that

Although two Greek plays, and two only, are taken directly—the one from our *Iliad*, the other from our *Odyssey*—the allusions to these poems are singularly few, and those few often uncertain, in the writers previous to the time of Plato. Nay, although these earlier writers speak not unfrequently of Homeric poems and Homeric subjects, we find in far the larger number of instances, that the epithet is applied to poems which no longer exist, or to subjects which are not treated in our *Iliad* or *Odyssey*. "Out of at least thirty-five such references in Pindar, only about seven have a distinct reference to our present *Iliad* or *Odyssey*"; and even in some of these the reference is very vague; while the lyric poet speaks of the madness of Alas, his midnight attack on the herds, and his suicide, as Homeric subjects. A line, perhaps two or three lines, in the Hesiodic *Theogony* and the *Works and Days* may point to our Homer; but of the Trojan legend generally "very scant mention is made in the poets preceding Pindar and the Tragic writers."

In Mr. Cox's view, these facts prove the existence of a large body of epic poetry which claimed equal antiquity with what we are accustomed to call Homer, and the employment of that name to denote an age or species of poetry rather than an individual; and they may put us more at our ease in analysing the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*, and imagining a plurality of authors where the case seems to demand it. The *Iliad* is in so far a single poem as its interest centres in Achilles, who bears the characteristics which Mr. Cox assigns to his Solar heroes; beginning with loving and having soon to give up Briseis, engaged in a quarrel not his own, retiring from the contest into vengeful inactivity, and ultimately coming forth like the sun from black clouds, and taking fearful vengeance on his enemies, and finally setting in blood—the blood of Hektor and of the young Trojans who are slaughtered as vic-

\* *The Mythology of the Aryan Nations*. By George W. Cox, M.A., late Scholar of Trinity College, Oxford. 2 vols. London: Longmans & Co. 1870.



times at Hektor's funeral games. Other incidents in his life remind one strongly of the stories of Heraklēs, the most illustrious of mortal Solar heroes, who indeed attains to immortality. The story of Paris and Helen is not by any means so clear. Helen is the daughter of Zeus, and therefore of bright or solar lineage. From her surpassing beauty and her treasures, she might, on Mr. Cox's system, be well compared with the many lovely heroines of the Dawn, the Vedic Ushas and Urvasi, the Greek Eōs, Iolē, and Mēdeia. And he consequently attempts to identify her with the Vedic Saramā, a Dawn goddess, who had charge of the cows of Indra, which the wicked Panis (the powers of darkness) stole away and hid in clefts of the rock; but Saramā with her brilliant light discovered them. The Panis then solicited her to go with them, but she refused the bribes they offered; and when Indra, the sun, was risen, he overthrew the powers of the night. In this legend Mr. Cox, following and expanding the suggestions of Professor Max Müller, sees the germ of the story of Helen and Paris. We are sorry not to be able to agree with them. Notwithstanding Professor Müller's assertion that the names Saramā and Helenē are phonetically identical, the *m* of the one in the middle of a word is only very exceptionally changed into the *n* of the other, as is proved by the very passage in Curtius's *Grundzüge der griech. Etymologie* to which he referred. Moreover, the word *Saramēya*, derived from this very *Saramā*, is by Mr. Müller himself identified with the Greek *Ἐπειός*, and another word, *Saranyū*, with the Greek *Ἐρινός*; in both which words the original *r*, *m*, and *n* have remained in Greek, while in *Helenē* *r* and *m* would both be changed. And in *Pani* the Sanskrit *n* would be changed into *r*, about which Mr. Müller himself hesitates. Moreover, the legends are very different, so different as to appear to belong to distinct classes. In the Greek, Paris comes from afar and carries off Helen; in the Veda, Saramā goes to the Panis to recover the treasures, which were the object of their greed. In the Veda, Saramā resisted solicitation; in the Greek, Helen yielded. Only in later Sanskrit writings (unavailable for comparative mythology, because produced after the dispersion) is Saramā made to yield so far as to drink a cup of milk which they gave her; on which Mr. Cox remarks, "Here then we have in its germ the faithlessness of the Spartan Helen." It must also be noted that the plural Panis (robbers) seems hardly to suit the functions of the seducer Paris.

But while exhibiting Paris as representing the powers of darkness in his abduction of Helen, Mr. Cox thinks there is another legend of a Solar hero Paris, the Paris who was exposed on the side of Mount Ida, grew up into the perfect beauty common to such heroes, loved Oionōē, left her to attend the games at Ilium, and after the period of inaction usual to the midday journey of the Sun (which was filled up by a later combination with the deeds of the other Paris, including the abduction of Helen), returned to his loving and long-deserted Oionōē only to die; as Heraklēs meets his first love, Iolē, when he is sinking to death from the poison administered by Deianeira. There may be some truth in this conception of Paris; in the former we cannot see any. Mr. Cox defends this second conception of Paris by observing that, although, on the whole, the Greek heroes are the bright men of Solar lineage, and the Trojan ten years symbolize the ten hours of darkness between the latest Sunset and the first heralding of the Dawn, yet the story of the Iliad so mingles ancient myths together and forgets their original meaning as to engage many Solar heroes on the Trojan side. Such undoubtedly were Sarpēdon, Glaukos, Hektor, and Aineias; and to this list the name of Paris may be added.

Of the Odyssey we can only speak shortly in Mr. Cox's own words:—

Throughout the whole poem the one absorbing desire which fills the heart of Odysseus is to reach his home once more and see the wife whom, like most other mythical heroes, he had been obliged to leave in the spring-time of his career. There are grievous toils and many hindrances on his way, but nothing can turn him from his course. He has to fight, like Heraklēs and Perseus, Theseus and Bellerophōn, with more than mortal beings and more than earthly powers, but he has the strength which they had to overcome or to evade them. It is true that he conquers chiefly by strength of will and sagacity of mind; but this again is the phase which the idea of Helios, the great eye of day, as surveying and scanning everything, assumes in Medea, Prometheus, Asklepīos, Ōidipous, Iamos, and Melampous. The other phase, however, is not wanting. He too has a bow which none but he can wield, and he wields it to terrible purpose, when, like Achilles, after his time of disguise, he bursts on the astonished suitors, as the sun breaks from the storm-cloud before he sinks to rest. So, again, in his westward wanderings (for this is the common path of the children of Zeus or Helios) he must encounter fearful dangers. . . . At last he approaches his home; but he returns to it unknown and friendless. . . . His foes are many and strong; and like Patroklos against Hektor, Telemachos can do but little against the suitors, in whom are reflected the Trojan enemies of the Achaians. But for him also, as for Achilles, there is aid from the gods. Athēnē, the daughter of the sky, cheers him on, and restores him to the glorious beauty of his youth, as Thetis clothed her child in the armour of Hephaistos, and Apollō directed his spear against Hektor. Still in his ragged beggar's dress, like the sun behind the rent and tattered clouds, he appears in his own hall on the day of doom. The old bow is taken down from the wall, and none but he can be found to stretch it. . . . The arrows fly deadly and unerring as the spear of Artemis, and the hall is bathed in blood. There is nothing to stay his arm till all are dead. The sun-god is taking vengeance on the clouds, and trampling them down in his fury. The work is done; and Penelopē sees in Odysseus the husband who had left her long ago to face his toils, like Heraklēs and Perseus. . . . The sun is setting in peace.

The Solar theory will not and ought not to pass unchallenged. It supposes a vast superstructure to rest on a base whose strength looks insufficient, and it presents familiar characters in a new and unfamiliar light. In some cases this may explain difficulties; in

others it may only shock preconceived ideas. Nevertheless let Mr. Cox be judged fairly. Of the objection which is most sure to be raised among the countless lovers of Homer, that he never intended Odysseus to be the Sun, nor Pēnelopē the gentle night on whose bosom the Sun sinks to rest, it is only just to say that Mr. Cox nowhere affords the slightest occasion for it. He indicates not what the poet thought, but what he deems to be the original significance of beings who in course of time received a further development into human personality and ethical character, and in a subsequent course of centuries came to be made the heroes of epic song. A still further development, which may be styled a degradation, of these noble stories, began when their scenes were brought down from heaven to earth, from a mysterious and non-existing scene such as Ilium, the Elysian Fields, or Avilion, to our own abodes, and the heroes became our own villagers. Thus the popular tales which abound in every Aryan nation had their origin, and Mr. Cox has not neglected this last or expiring phase of ancient mythology.

Mr. Cox has acknowledged as fully as could be desired his obligations to Professor Max Müller, whose essays on Comparative Mythology not only made this book possible, but suggested a very large proportion of the expositions of myths to be found here. Indeed, it may perhaps be said that Mr. Cox goes but little beyond what the Professor had prepared for him. But in elaborate argument addressed to those who, like Mr. Gladstone and Colonel Mure, take widely different views, and in careful and full statement of the stories themselves, Mr. Cox has established his claim to be regarded as an original setter-forth of a theory of which only the initiation belongs to another.

The book is not without its faults. Although the Sun is the greatest power in nature, and especially glorious and powerful in those subtropical regions whence these myths were diffused, it and its antagonistic forces of darkness are not the only powers which might seize on the hearts and languages of the primitive man. It remains, therefore, still a question whether the Solar theory be not pressed rather too far. If so, if some myths are found to be better explained on another hypothesis, this rectification is left for future explorers. Anyhow it is a great advantage to have the one theory tried on a whole field of mythology in a systematic treatise like this, instead of remaining embodied in the several short and disconnected essays of Professor Max Müller.

Many etymologies seem to us very doubtful. Besides those of Helen and Paris, that of Athēnē from a Sanskrit *Ahanā* (dawn), said to be akin to *Dahanā*? greatly surprises us. Athēnē is *Ἀθήνη* or *Ἀθηνᾶ*, or *Ἀθηνᾶ* contracted from *Ἀθηναία*, *Ἄθλια* *Ἀθανᾶ*; so that the whole last syllable of the original uncontracted Greek form, as well as the quantity of the second, seem to be disregarded by Professor Max Müller, to whom this derivation is due. There is inconsistency in the writing of Sanskrit words. Why is *Dyaus* always given in this nominative form (by Professor Müller again, as well as by Mr. Cox), when other Sanskrit words are always given in their stem-(crude)-form? We suppose to exhibit more strongly its identity with *Zeús*; but it is not fair to adopt this course in one word only without warning. Dagon cannot be divided *Dag-On*, the fish *On*, for a Semitic syllable cannot begin with a vowel; and if the necessary breathing *aleph* were inserted (which it is very unsafe to do), it would then mean "the Fish of On," which is not the signification required.

Interesting as are the chapters on the Norse mythology, we observe with regret that the authorities are all second-hand, either English or German; and the Germans are, with some honourable exceptions, not good evidence on Scandinavian antiquity. Had Mr. Cox had Norse and Danish books at hand, he would have had more and richer Scandinavian mines to dig in. The same may, we believe, be said of the Celtic mythology. But the absolute absence of all mention of Slavonic mythology, which is peculiarly rich both in heathen gods and modern mythical popular tales—in Serbia, Croatia, Bohemia, Poland, the Ukraine and Russia proper, wherever a Slavonic village can be found—is the most serious omission; indeed this, taken with the similar omission of Lithuanian, Albanian or modern Greek, and many smaller regions of folk-lore, oblige us to regard the title as promising far more than the book realizes.

Another objection of an opposite kind might be raised—that the book gives us more than it promises. We have analogies traced in the *Arabian Nights*, in Canadian, Finnish, and Samoyedic stories, which are not on Aryan ground at all. If the analogy exists, as it undoubtedly does in the instances cited by Mr. Cox, by all means let it be brought forward; but we wonder that he does not see that the fact of similar solar stories existing beyond the Aryan circle makes it doubtful whether his solar mythology is peculiarly Aryan at all. It is very desirable, therefore, that the mythology of the Turanian, Semitic, and other families of nations should be studied with a view to determine whether the "Solar" system is general or only Aryan. There is plenty of material collected and published, which only needs reading and sifting. Another point of great importance we miss. Analogies are sometimes pointed out in Biblical myths, so far as to show that the author has not wholly banished Hebrew story from his speculations, and is aware that it must be treated by the same system as all others. But, having approached the subject, he should have treated it as fully as Sanskrit or Greek. This is only due to it from its known antiquity, and from the peculiar position of a non-Aryan nation touching at many points Aryan language and Aryan mythology. Much very curious and suggestive matter would thus have been

added to the work. The stories of Samson have been often compared to the toils of Heraklès, and other remarkable resemblances would reward the inquirer. Such an inquiry might even lead to the conviction that the Aryan and Semitic stocks are not so originally distinct as we have been taught to believe.

Mr. Cox's style is lucid, logical, and eloquent. His descriptions are thoroughly picturesque; indeed, he has all the literary power requisite to do justice to a large subject, to present his own views so that they shall not be misapprehended, and to deal fairly with those of others. If he does not convert the mythologists all in a day, we are convinced that his book will exert a very salutary influence, convincing some, causing many to think who took the stories without thought before, and producing no ill-feeling in those who still remain unbelievers in the "Solar Myth."

#### THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH IN INDIA.\*

"TALKING of the minuteness," says Boswell, "with which people will record the sayings of eminent persons, a story was told that when Pope was on a visit to Spence at Oxford, as they looked from the window they saw a gentleman commoner, who was just come in from riding, amusing himself with whipping at a post. Pope took occasion to say 'That young gentleman seems to have little to do!' Then to be sure Spence turned round and wrote that down." Young gentlemen seem to have almost as little to do this century as in the last, but there is no Pope to watch them in their amusements. If we cannot record the sayings of a great wit watching a young gentleman whipping a post, at all events let us record the doings of the young gentleman himself. We are not going for a moment to compare the amusements which the Duke of Edinburgh found in India with that of the gentleman commoner at Oxford. Pig-sticking and post-whipping are not to be named in the same breath. We can readily understand how His Royal Highness, after a long sea-voyage, would enter eagerly into the field-sports of India, and we can excuse him when we find that ancient ruins were not so much esteemed by him as shooting and hog-hunting. For such we find were the occupations of "H.R.H. and part of his suite" on the 4th of February, while "others went out to visit the holy city of Brindaban and were much pleased with the ancient temple of the Rajahs of Jeypore; a building which was partially destroyed by the Emperor Aurungzebe." But just as much as His Royal Highness is superior to the gentleman commoner, so much is Dr. Fayer inferior to Spence. For Spence, if he did not record a witty saying, recorded at all events the saying of a wit. To follow Pope, and to take note of the good things he said or did not say, is one thing; to follow a prince, and to take note of the good shots he took or did not take, is another thing. Dr. Fayer indeed does tell us that on one occasion "H. R. H. made a short but most eloquent reply" to an address. He does not quote it, however; why, we can scarcely tell. Perhaps the only reporter present was one from a sporting paper, who, however accurate in recording "the bag in Oude," was by no means ready at reporting Royal eloquence. Perhaps, on the other hand, the speech was reported, but, for want of space, not inserted. Our author may have felt that if he were to record as fully as is desirable the more important doings of H. R. H.—the hour he took breakfast, tiffin, and dinner, the time his train started or arrived—he would scarcely have space for eloquence, however short. Or, lastly, he may have had the wisdom to see that he must not try to please two classes of readers. Those who would be able to appreciate His Royal Highness's eloquence would find little interest in the number of tiffins he partook of, while those who were interested in his tiffins would not have been able to understand his eloquence. As the Prince had the good sense to indulge in many more tiffins than speeches, our author has done well to ignore the latter altogether, and to write for that vast class of readers whose intellect is satisfied, without being unduly strained, by a daily perusal of the *Court Circular*. They will be puzzled however, we fear, by the somewhat free use of Hindoo words in which Dr. Fayer indulges. He may have felt that, if any one is not an Anglo-Indian, he ought to be, or perhaps he may have wished to throw a veil of Oriental mysticism round the hero of his work. Our imagination is excited when we hear that "attar and pân were then distributed," and that "for the first time in India the Royal standard floated over the encampment of a Shikar party." We are delighted when we learn that "chota haziri was provided near the railway station in tents," and that "Sir Jung sent a nuzzur of tiger skins, and a variety of kookries and bougialis to be presented to H. R. H." We sincerely trust that the nuzzur, kookries, and bougialis are not very expensive, or that, if they are, they will not be included in the estimates which next spring the Nepaulesse Minister will doubtless lay before the Parliament of Nepal—if, that is to say, there be one. Dr. Fayer does, we must admit, occasionally condescend to explain a word. He informs us, for instance, that *urhur* means *dhal*. In this method of translation he follows apparently the translators of our Bible, who inform us that "Tabitha by interpretation is called Dorcas."

Happily there are no other literary difficulties which his readers will meet with besides these Eastern words. The general style of the work is unusually simple, and reminds us of nothing so much

as the letters which a schoolboy writes home when out on his first walking tour. In these all events are told with equal minuteness, and time and locality are specified as accurately as in a court of justice. However unimportant the thing that is done may be, the names of all persons must be religiously recorded who were present at the doing of it. If Dr. Fayer, in spite of all the letters that are appended to his name, had not succeeded in keeping his mind as boyish as it has ever been, we would have defied him to fill more than a hundred pages with an account of any Shikar party in the world. It would have been a feat above even a young lady fresh from a finishing school. As it is, he gives a minute record of the doings of each day, and will not trust his reader's imagination in anything. We are not allowed even to take for granted that the Prince began each day with his breakfast, continued it with his tiffin, and finished up with his dinner. We feel grateful indeed that it is assumed that he got up and went to bed. Each day's diary might have begun with the account of his toilet, and we might have found it recorded that after H.R.H. had put on his stockings, he next invested himself in his boots. As it is, we begin as a matter of course with breakfast. Whether H.R.H. is going to inspect native schools, hunt tigers, visit the Maharajah of Rewah, or stick pigs, he always breakfasts first. Nay, indeed, so anxious is Dr. Fayer to bring this clearly before our minds, that on one occasion he begins a paragraph with the inevitable "after breakfast" twice in the same day. As each day draws on, a fresh division of his narration begins with "after tiffin" or, by way of variation, "after the usual tiffin." Whatever may have been the events of the day, we rejoice to find that H.R.H. always seemed to have an appetite for "dinner at the usual hour, about seven."

The account of the travelling is as minute as that of the meals, and, to show Dr. Fayer's most conscientious accuracy as an historian, we shall give ourselves the pleasure of a short extract taken at hazard from his work:—

A special train at Hattress Road Station was in waiting to take H.R.H. and suite to Delhi, starting at 12.40 P.M. Allyghur was reached at about 1.20 P.M., and after tiffin, which was provided there by Mr. Kellner, the train proceeded to Ghazeraud, where H.R.H. was met by Colonel McNelle, C.S.I., Commissioner of Delhi. After a short rest to enable the party to prepare for the entrance into Delhi [qy. to collect the tickets?] the train moved on and entered that city soon after 5 P.M. The usual Royal salute was fired. Here the Duke was received by Colonel S. Becher, commanding the troops in Delhi, Major MacMahon, Deputy Commissioner, and other principal civil and military officers.

So minute is Dr. Fayer in his account of the arrival and starting of trains, and so exact in giving long lists of all the eminent people who came in contact with the Duke, that his work seems a kind of cross between *Bradshaw* and the *Court Guide*. In fact, if any one were to spend a morning in the perusal of those two works, varied with an occasional glance at a sporting paper, he would be able to form a very correct notion of the book before us. At the same time our author does, we must admit, now and then vary his work with passages which are not unworthy of a Guide to India or even of a school-book of geography. If Dr. Fayer has not borrowed the following extract from Mr. Murray, we should advise Mr. Murray to borrow it from Dr. Fayer:—

The palaces of Deig consist of a series of stone buildings placed in a quadrangle, and were built by Soorj Mull. The different buildings are known as the Gopal, the Nund, the Kishen, and the Muchi Bhowans.

The compilers of geography books may find the above extract somewhat too minute for their purposes. Children are not yet expected to know the names of the different parts of all the palaces in the world. Ignorance of any of its streams is, however, universally admitted to be a disgrace. For ourselves we own with shame that we had never heard till now of the rivers Oul, Chowka, Surjoo, and Khaji, but we are glad to find that they were crossed after leaving Luckimpore, and that all except the Chowka are fordable. We have noted down, too, a piece of geographical learning which we shall hope to make use of the next time we have the pleasure of dining with Anglo-Indians. Just as some travellers show their knowledge of German by giving you an answer about Köln, if you ask them a question about Cologne, so shall we, if we can only find any one to speak about Dhunpal, gain glory to ourselves by replying about Peihlwan Gowrie.

We must do Dr. Fayer the justice to admit that he does not, under the pretence of giving an account of the Duke of Edinburgh, tell us chiefly about the medical gentleman who was in attendance on the Duke. In fact he mentions himself on only one occasion, we believe. As he was then separated from the Duke by a ravine and a tiger, and in the company of no one higher than a lord, we cannot praise his modesty too highly. We could have wished that he had exercised the same reticence as regards others. His Royal Highness only showed, no doubt, his usual courtesy when on Sunday, March 6, he "at four P.M. took leave of Mr. and Mrs. Davies" before he "proceeded by special train to Cawn-pore." The fact, however, is important rather in the biography of Mr. and Mrs. Davies than in that of His Royal Highness. Doubtless the pressure brought to bear on our author was too strong. Those who had with infinite difficulty succeeded in getting presented to the Duke felt that they had gained but half their object if the world were kept in ignorance of the fact. Dr. Fayer could most certainly have made enough money to justify his retirement if he had charged a handsome amount for the insertion of each name. The charge of course would have varied with the degree of prominence assigned. A gentleman who merely stuck a pig in the Duke's presence, or partook of

\* H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh, K.G., K.T., G.C.S.I., G.C.M.G., R.N., in India. By J. Fayer, M.D., C.S.I., F.R.S.E., F.R.G.S., &c. &c., Bengal Medical Service. Calcutta: Fred. Lewis, Calcutta Central Press Company, Limited.



tiffin with him, would not have had to pay so much as one who had the honour of an invitation to dinner. Even those who were not so fortunate as to get presented could have been induced to pay. For paragraphs might have been judiciously inserted, informing the public that Mr. Jones was unfortunately prevented by an attack of cholera from presenting his respects to His Royal Highness, or that His Royal Highness as he looked out of the window of the railway carriage doubtless noticed the elegant bungalow belonging to Mr. Smith. If Dr. Fayrer had considered such a mode of raising money scarcely justifiable, he could at all events have announced that the proceeds would be devoted to some hospital. We do, even as it is, manage to tax loyalty very heavily for the relief of misery. Our princes preside at all meetings where a large subscription is to be raised, and our princesses occasionally condescend to receive a purse from the hand of any young lady who has been able by her importunities to fill it with at least five guineas. But by the plan we sketch far vaster sums would be raised. We offer our suggestion to the managers of St. George's Hospital, in full confidence that by means of it they will at last be able to reach the hearts of even Belgians. The Prince of Wales and the Duke of Edinburgh have unfortunately had their tours, but it will soon be Prince Christian's turn to go. Let Mr. Russell be engaged to keep the diary, for he surpasses even Dr. Fayrer in his aptness at names and titles. Let a good round sum be charged for the insertion of each name, and let the proceeds be handed over to the treasurer of the hospital. We shall not again hear of a deficit, nor have the *Times* reading us a charity sermon.

#### CALENDAR OF STATE PAPERS.—DOMESTIC SERIES.\*

IT is difficult to assign the exact point of time which may be called the beginning of the end; yet Mr. Bruce considers that his last published volume of State Papers, which commences in December 1637 and terminates in August 1638, may be regarded as containing the turning-point when the grievance of ship-money began to show itself in the diminished returns produced by that tax, now levied for the fourth time. The accounts were submitted to the King in Council every Sunday, and woe to the sheriff who, through remissness in collecting the money, should prove a defaulter in this important duty. The papers relating to the case of ship-money between the King and John Hampden are collected into a single volume, and are only chronicled by the editor, who has not thought it necessary to analyse them—probably because they have been fairly represented by historians. Nevertheless, this is perhaps somewhat of a defect in his Calendar; as also, we cannot help thinking, is the mode of description in modern language of the contents of a document, instead of giving it as nearly as possible in its own words. As an instance in point we may quote the Charges made against Stanley Gower, Rector of Brampton Bryan, and others, February 12, 1637-8. We were for a moment deceived into the belief that the expression "Gower is stated to have been guilty of all the customary irregularities" represented the original, whereas it is in truth nothing more than Mr. Bruce's method of summing up the refusal to read the Absolution and the Litany, and the inveighing in sermons against superstition, together with the disuse of the surplice. Now the expression "customary irregularities" is quite unnecessary if it means only those practices which are afterwards enumerated, and it is insufficient if it is intended to do duty for other offences not specified. We observe a similar fault in a subsequent entry of April 13, 1638, which consists of an epitome, in a few lines, of above seven pages of "presentments for ecclesiastical offences, made by the Archbishop's Commissioners at the triennial visitation of the diocese of Lincoln." In this case we think the names should all have been given, instead of a mere fancy selection from the cases, the rest being bundled together in the indiscriminating category, "By far the greater number of presentments were for incontinency, and very many of them for ante-nuptial offences of that kind." And now that we are finding fault we may as well finish all the complaint we have to make against Mr. Bruce, by calling attention to a difference that exists between the Calendars of the reign of Charles I. and those of Elizabeth. Mr. Stevenson, as well as some others of the Calendarers, tell us where these papers have been printed, in cases where any of them happen to have been published—but we find no such references in any of Mr. Bruce's volumes. This omission is much to be regretted, the additional labour involved in discovering these instances bearing no sort of comparison with the advantages to be gained by readers and writers of history from the knowledge of the fact.

It is almost needless to say that the contents of such a volume are of a very miscellaneous nature. It would be absurd to suppose that the documents have any other link of connexion than that of time. A great many will of course range themselves under the head of "Ship-money," and upon turning to the index it will be found that there are under this head an immense number of references. Another comprehensive head which, however, does not appear in the index, is that of Ecclesiastical Offences. These will be found under the heads of the respective offenders' names. And no reader will be surprised at being told that the name of Arch-

bishop Laud puts in an appearance in most pages of the volume. Amidst the endless variety of subjects, perhaps the most curious, taken as a whole, are the various articles objected by the Commissioners for Ecclesiastical Causes against clergymen who refused to conform to the Laudian type of ceremonial, and against laymen whose offences would in the present day be designated as "brawling" in church. We omit all reference to the Book of Sports, as well as to the ordinary quarrels about ceremonial. But it appears that brawling was not confined to one sex or to one class of people. In one instance we have a quarrel in which the names of two ladies of rank figure. It is difficult to make out exactly what the misdemeanour alleged is, but as it affords a singular picture of the manners of the day, we will tell the story as nearly as we can make it out.

It appears, then, that in Lichfield Cathedral, apart from the seats in the quire where gentlewomen used to kneel and sit, there were reserved stalls adjoining the bishop's throne, specially appointed for the wives of the bishop, dean, and canons. Notwithstanding this, Mrs. Marie Noble, the wife of the town clerk at Lichfield, persisted in taking one of these seats for herself, though she had been warned, and a lock had been placed on the door of the stall. From this we gather that the lady must have climbed over the door to get possession of the place. Not content with this, she insisted on placing a titled friend, one Lady Eleanor Davies, in the same pew. At another time, meeting another claimant of the seat—one "Margaret Twisden, now Mrs. Pelsant," a young lady, we must naturally suppose, who usurped the seat of a canon's wife in anticipation of a dignity which she was soon likely to attain—she "took her by the shoulders and pulled her back again, and threw her about and quarrelled and brawled there, to the disturbance of the congregation." Lady Eleanor improved upon her friend's practice, and on the strength of having written a book called *The Appeal to the Throne*, she "went into the bishop's throne and sat there, and said she was primate and metropolitan." After which she took "a pot of water, tar, and other filthy things, most profanely defiled the hangings at the altar of the cathedral, and said she had sprinkled holy water upon them against their next communion." The wife of the town clerk abetted the noble lady in these proceedings, and was assisted, moreover, by the wife of one of the clergy, in whose house in the cathedral close Lady Eleanor lodged. They averred that what the lady had done had been done according to her conscience, and that it was more justifiable than the acts of those who set up candlesticks and hangings. We hear no more of this lady except that in the course of a few months she was married to Sir Archibald Douglas, who appears to have been of a similar firebrand disposition with herself.

This is a specimen of the articles charged against the laity in the Court of High Commission. It differs from others of a similar kind only in that it is somewhat more ludicrous than the rest. The greater number of these articles, however, are objected against the clergy. And it is difficult to say whether they throw more light on the inquisitorial nature of the proceedings instituted or on the provoking behaviour of the Puritan clergy. Moral and political offences are mixed up indiscriminately. The omission of the Absolution and Litany, the disuse of the surplice, are frequently connected with sermons against ship-money, and extemporary effusions in private houses, in which the Government was both prayed and preached against. And it seems probable that drunkenness, indecency, and profanation were hunted down more severely in cases where it was possible to add to these charges the accusation that the rector or curate had taxed the bishops with pride and ambition, and had inveighed against the tyrannical practice of distraining for ship-money, which had been refused in consequence of the defendant having preached against it. As a specimen of the articles ministered against clergy, we select the following, which is somewhat more detailed than usual, though it presents no particular features of novelty. It is headed, "Similar Articles against William Warde, Parson of Allesley, co. Warwick." In this case the general charge of drunkenness, extending over twelve years, is supplemented by the special allegation of being drunk during divine service, to which is added that he played at ninepins with a butcher when drunk on a Sunday afternoon, that he fought with a cobbler in the yard of an ale-house, that he tumbled from his horse and wallowed in the highway, swore at a certain lady, and threatened, with a knife in his hand, to kill her dog, and, finally, had produced a false certificate of sobriety of demeanour in spite of his having been warned by his bishop, and forced to preach a sermon against himself in his own parish church, acknowledging his vice of drunkenness, and inveighing against its heinousness.

In many of these cases we hear no more of the offenders. In some the punishment is specified. And it is worth observing how late the practice of doing public penance survived, and how often it was enforced during Laud's administration of affairs. In one instance we have five persons sentenced to stand in Wells Cathedral with white wands in their hands, and papers on their heads declaring their offence, the offence being the taking up a coffin, with the sanction of the churchwarden, in order to utilize the lead for the purpose of saving the parish some expense. The persons employed in the matter performed their penances, but the churchwarden, being better able to afford to commute his sentence, bought himself off by compounding for 30*l*.

We have already said that the contents of this volume are of a very miscellaneous character. In fact there is no class of subject which may not find some illustration in it. Out of such a multiplicity of subjects we select one of literary curiosity,

\* *Calendar of State Papers, Domestic Series, of the Reign of Charles I., 1637-1638.* Preserved in Her Majesty's Public Record Office. Edited by John Bruce, Esq., F.S.A., under the Direction of the Master of the Rolls, and with the sanction of Her Majesty's Secretary of State for the Home Department. London: Longmans & Co.

Under the date of March 8, 1637-8, we find "A Petition of William Garret, Stationer, to Archbishop Laud," alleging that about 1630 the petitioner printed a book, named *A Pattern of Cathedrical Doctrine*, which the Archbishop had forbidden to be reprinted; whereas another printer, named William Sheares, had recently reproduced the work with the same date, 1630, on the title, and had attempted, apparently, to palm the reprint off as if it had been the original impression. The matter was referred to Sir John Lambe to take order with the delinquent, and to be sure to seize the books. The rarity of this work shows how exactly Laud's orders were obeyed. The edition of 1630 and its counterfeit were alike absolutely unknown to Lowndes, and possibly the non-existence of even a single copy of the counterfeit edition may be the cause of the entire ignorance on the part of the two editors of Andrewes's works of the fact that any such copy ever had been executed. Possibly only a few of our readers may be interested in so trifling a matter as the account of the publication of the first edition of a book which, though it has been reprinted within the last few years, is comparatively unknown. But the class and the individual article have been selected almost at random, and it may serve to illustrate the variety of subjects upon which such a volume as this may help to throw light.

There is another entry at p. 489 of a circular letter of Archbishop Laud's to the clergy of the Archdeaconry of Buckingham, ordering them to keep the roofs of their churches in decent repair, and recommending them a plumber for the purpose. The letter is in no way remarkable or important, but it has escaped the notice of the learned and laborious editor of Laud's works and correspondence, and serves the purpose of illustrating the value of such a Calendar as this in saving future editorial labour.

Lastly, we have come across one specimen of the philology of the seventeenth century. Without endorsing the mode of formation of the word *beeegar*, to match *vinegar*, we may mention that there is a petition of certain distillers of London and Westminster, dated March 20, 1638, in which both these words are used as if they were of equally common occurrence.

#### AUSTIN FRIARS.\*

THE prevailing characteristic of this book is weariness. It is written as if the author had been physically as well as mentally tired throughout; and as if her main object, therefore, had been to get over an unwelcome task as quickly and with as little exertion as was possible. That disastrous mode of writing piecemeal for periodical publication which is just now in such universal favour has apparently told with fatal force on Mrs. Riddell; and what between the necessity for making a "point" in every number, and the tremendous amount of twaddle by way of padding needed to bring each portion up to the requisite amount, the story has suffered mortally. To be sure it is founded on a sufficiently sensational groundplan to please the most exacting, adultery and forgery being the pleasant vices which it takes in hand to portray; yet even such highly spiced ingredients as these have failed to work their usual questionable charm, and, in spite of its being all about love and sin and shame and sorrow, *Austin Friars* is decidedly a dull book. And, in spite too of a vast deal of religious phraseology, and calling on God, and hysterical blasphemy, it is an immoral book, and betrays a curious confusion of moral principles and an almost total absence of moral instincts.

The heroine, Yorke Forde or Friars, is almost a replica of the heroines of the old Laura Matilda school—those women who had the knack of making every man they knew madly in love with them by their bewildering beauty; only that Yorke is not beautiful, which makes her success in the way of conquests more strange and paradoxical. Such as she is, however, she has four men raving and ramping in successive paroxysms of love for her, though to some she has given no encouragement whatever, which, considering the redundancy of women at this present time, and how hard it is for even eligible maidens to find befitting partners, is a rather unjust measure for a "woman clad in sad-coloured garments, with but small pretensions to beauty—not old yet still looking older than she is," who, being one man's wife, is another man's mistress, and whose life, even in this doubtful relationship, fails in honesty and truth. And here Mrs. Riddell makes a mistake in probabilities which we should scarcely have looked for from so clever a woman. Yorke Forde and Austin Friars are living together as husband and wife, but nominally as brother and sister-in-law, which gives her the excuse for calling herself Mrs. Friars, and which is simply a complication of deception and, one would have said, of difficulty, not likely in the beginning of things. For Austin, weak and selfish as he was, loved Yorke, even to the point of wishing to marry her if he could have done so; and the total obliteration of her former life, and the thickness of the disguise and obscurity in which she lived, would have rendered it just as easy, and a great deal more natural, that she should have taken his name and have lived with him openly as his wife, rather than have lived with him as his sister-in-law in a perpetual intrigue. But then the story would have had to be a little more carefully constructed, which perhaps would not have been to its disadvantage. Again, Mrs. Riddell has made another confusion. Yorke, living with Austin

Friars as his sister-in-law, ought to have lived in all public honour. There was nothing in her manner or her appearance to call forth the "scorn" and "taint" and "contempt" of which she talks as her portion from the world; and for the rest, her true relations with Austin were kept secret, known only to those in whom they themselves chose to confide, which however was pretty nearly all the *dramatis personæ* in turn. The whole thing is a muddle, and like nothing to be found in real life, where we see one of two things—women who intrigue in secret, and do not commit themselves publicly save by acts of indiscretion, and women who conceal the fact that their relations are of the nature of an intrigue at all, but boldly take the name of the man with whom they live, and pass as his wife, no questions asked. But we do not see them live as Yorke lived, cheating the devil while taking his wages, and compromising themselves for no good whatsoever, when they might have kept themselves safe by a little mother wit.

Like most of Mrs. Riddell's books, *Austin Friars* turns on City life, and parts of it must be all but unintelligible to the ordinary reader. The facility with which she handles commercial slang is remarkable in a lady; and we have no doubt that it is all correct, and that business is carried on to all appearance somewhat in the manner she describes; but we should like to see the prototype of Luke Ross, and to know the *preux chevalier* of "fishy paper" who will run the risk of ruining himself that he may accommodate a lying, shifty scoundrel, simply because the scoundrel has been at one time the protector of a woman whom he then discarded, and with whom the *preux chevalier* is in love. We beg leave to express our profound disbelief in the whole of that bill business, and to question the possibility of two men meeting on such terms and acting together as Luke and Austin are made to meet and act, the one knowing of the other what he did. As for Luke, such an innocent as he would find the City but a dangerous airing ground, all things considered; and with his generosity and weakness, unselfishness and romantic honour, would find money-making about as hard a piece of business as the transmutation of metals, and as uncertain as prophesying the winner of the Derby. A man who loves another man's discarded mistress with the "hungry despair" common to all the characters in *Austin Friars*, yet who befriends her old lover to his own cost because of that former tie—who then seeks out the lawful husband of the interesting sinner, and does his best to induce him to take back his erring and errant wife, though he thinks that to lose her will break his heart—a man who brings sentiment into his office, and transacts his business on romantic principles, is not likely to make a striking success in life; but, rich or poor, he is a man we should like to see, and to exhibit to City men as a rarity not often caught east of Temple Bar, or anywhere else. Still we may be wrong and Mrs. Riddell right; and "Scott's Yard" may have had the property of breeding a race of financiers peculiar to itself and unknown elsewhere.

All Mrs. Riddell's works deal largely in Scriptural phrases, religious ejaculations, and quite gratuitous appeals to the Deity. But *Austin Friars*, being thinner in substance and more wearily conducted than the rest, is more offensively interspersed with these *ripieni*. And in the queerest conjunction too; as when a sentence is begun with an adaptation from the New Testament and ends with a bit of current slang, or the reverse; the name of God and Pickford's vans, chignons, cant phrases in inverted commas, and quotations from the Bible also in inverted commas, are all jumbled up on the same page without the smallest sense of fitness, or rather of unfitnes. To take one scene almost at random. Yorke and Luke are standing by the river, and Luke is telling Yorke that he loves her and wishes to marry her, even such as he knows her to be—not knowing, however, that she is already a wife as well as paramour—and Yorke has to tell him the truth; when, after some hysterical converse, she suddenly breaks off with "O Lord!" and flings herself into an attitude on the railings. On one page, then, we have "O Lord!" went wailing out over the waters. It was the irrepressible cry of a soul wrestling alone with its anguish. It was the sob of humanity recognising the capability of its humanity for suffering. It was the confession of error—the lament which all utter some time or other in the present that is only partially theirs; over the past which was all in possession," &c. &c. And on the next page we have a paragraph of flippant commonplaces about "the girls—so called by their mamma—who duly put his slippers to warm, and gave him his second cup of tea before they added fresh water to that already in the pot, and made much pie (*sic*) of him generally, and hoped that some day he would marry Kate." Mrs. Riddell does not seem to, understand anything about harmony of method; but continually mixes up in this way stilted sentiment with vulgar flippancy, with the sole result of making both more unpleasant than they would have been had they been kept further apart.

But the most inharmonious thing in the whole work is the character of Yorke herself; and we confess that we have been unable to make out to our own satisfaction what kind of woman the authoress wished her to appear. Devoted, unselfish, and profoundly attached to that shallow, boastful, untruthful Austin Friars who gives his name to the book, she yet can be guilty of a bit of very "sharp practice" in the way in which she induces Luke Ross to take up Austin's business when he merges himself in that of his father-in-law, Monteith and Co. With the most scrupulous sensitiveness as to her own character, she can suffer Luke to live in daily intercourse with her; and knowing his "hungry despair" of love for her, and what it must cost him, she can yet allow him to

\* *Austin Friars*. A Novel. By Mrs. J. H. Riddell, Author of "George Geith," &c. Reprinted from "Tinsleys Magazine," 3 vols. London: Tinsley Brothers.



devote his life to her without the smallest hope of reward, or—at first—the faintest return on her own part. Apparently Mrs. Riddell has meant to palliate Yorke's sin of adultery with Austin Friars by the intensity of her love for that very undesirable person; also because she ran away from her husband immediately after the ceremony, and so escaped a certain amount of natural guilt; but what can we say to her when we find her quietly living with her lawful husband after she had been discarded by her unlawful one, and still further in the story completing the round of her experiences in that way by taking Luke Ross as her second spouse? It is rare that a lady novelist has the courage to give her heroine to three men in the course of her three volumes. A second marriage, to make amends for the mistakes of the first, is generally the utmost she allows herself and her much enduring puppet; but this is the day for female courage, and the authoress of *Austin Friars* has not been behind the rest of her sex. Austin himself, too, is as disjointed and unsatisfactory as his mistress; while Mr. Monteith is an impossibility as a City merchant, as much so as Luke Ross. No shrewd man of business would have been such a credulous fool as old Monteith is represented; no affectionate father with an ounce of common sense would have given his only child to a man of whom he knew absolutely nothing, whose bare word he took for all, and mainly because he himself was in love with an ambiguous woman dressed in sad-coloured garments, living in the office, and going by the name of the man's sister-in-law. We are sorry we cannot congratulate Mrs. Riddell and ourselves on the production of a work of sterling merit in the place of this trashy, dull, and doubtful book. But if our authors will work with empty brains and tired ones, they cannot expect to bring forth anything worth reading; and the better the name attached to their failures the deeper the fall they have made, and the more disastrous the fiasco. We have but one word of advice to the whole band of "popular authors" of which Mrs. Riddell is a member, and that is strict silence, absolute cessation from novel-writing for some time; when perhaps, by giving their powers fair play by rest, they may do really good work, and enrich the world which now they only weary and clog.

## FRENCH LITERATURE.

M. ALPHONSE ESQUIROS and M. Eugène Pelletan are both well known as *littérateurs* and as politicians; enthusiastic champions of democracy, they are constantly in the field, serving with all their might the cause to which they have devoted themselves. With all their enthusiasm, however, they can see both the defects of their own system and the good points of doctrines which at the same time they condemn as a whole; they are not blind to the merits of their adversaries; in a word, they are impartial, whilst maintaining with the utmost firmness the political views of staunch Liberals. Of these two thinkers M. Esquiros is the better known on this side of the Channel, and his interesting contributions to the *Revue des Deux Mondes* have rendered his name familiar to English readers. It is probable, therefore, that his new volume\* will, on the strength of the author's name, attract that general notice which it certainly deserves. Rousseau's *Émile* must always hold its own as one of the most remarkable works of the last century; but, even apart from the very questionable doctrines it contains, our modern views of education could scarcely be made to tally with Rousseau's theories, or to find in them either their justification or their principle. M. Alphonse Esquiros has attempted to do for his contemporaries what the author of *Émile* did for his; and the *Émile du dix-neuvième Siècle*, written in the shape of a novel, discusses various questions connected with the training of young men. His remarks are the more interesting because he has been able to compare the system followed in France with that still prevailing at our own public schools. We think, however, that more careful observation would have prevented M. Esquiros from falling into some slight mistakes, on the subject of fagging, for instance, which is certainly not now what it used to be thirty years ago.

M. Pelletan's recent volume is not, strictly speaking, an educational book; but even a collection of *feuilletons* may be made to illustrate from different points of view the idea which forms the author's chief guide through life, and the accomplished politician to whom we are indebted for the *Nouvelles heures de Travail*† would, we are sure, be extremely sorry if on closing his volume the reader did not feel that he had been to a certain extent educated in the democratic direction. M. Pelletan is so well known as a Republican that many a reader, on discovering in the table of contents the indication of an article on the revolution of 1848, will immediately turn to the article itself expecting to find a severe criticism on Louis-Philippe. Yet it would be difficult to find a fairer, more impartial, or more satisfactory portrait of a king under whom, after all, France enjoyed a greater amount of liberty than she has ever had since. M. Pelletan's freedom from prejudice is still more conspicuous perhaps in his paper on M. Louis Veuillot, who has certainly, in describing the Liberal writers of modern France, drawn largely upon the vocabulary of abuse. We recommend to our readers the *Nouvelles heures du Travail*; the twenty-two essays they comprise are preceded by a very remarkable introduction, and terminated by a dramatic and touching epilogue.

\* *L'Émile du dix-neuvième Siècle*. Par Alphonse Esquiros. Paris: Lacroix.

† *Nouvelles heures de Travail*. Par Eugène Pelletan. Paris: Pagnerre.

The history of the first French Revolution has already been often explored by M. Dauban with a perseverance and industry which cannot be too highly commended. We have frequently had to notice his interesting works on the events of 1793 and 1794—that is to say, on the startling episodes of the Reign of Terror; the present volume\* is the natural continuation of those already published. After having shown us how the revolutionary laws were made and applied, the author now proceeds to relate the fate of the victims struck down by the Convention, and to tell how they met their doom. It is not too much to say that the history of the Paris prisons during the period of the Republic is one of the most curious chapters in the annals of modern society, because it brings before us an assemblage of all political parties on one common ground—that of the condemned cell. The narratives written by the unfortunate persons who from day to day awaited the decision of the revolutionary tribunal are particularly worthy of perusal, because, fully aware of their inevitable fate, they took no trouble to conceal what they really felt about Robespierre, Fouquier Tinville, Collot d'Herbois, and the other leaders of the Republican government. M. Dauban describes in succession the various prisons of Paris; he introduces us to the persons who, under one pretence or another, were confined there; and, with the help of documents collected from authentic sources, he describes the last moments of some of the most distinguished persons in France. Amongst other curious subjects we may mention especially the incident of the notorious Beaumarchais; on this point M. Dauban has been fortunate enough to have opportunities of consulting papers hitherto unpublished, which will be read with great interest. Eleven engravings added to the volume enable us to form an idea of buildings now swept away for ever.

M. Lamarre† has just published in a cheaper volume his suggestive and learned history of the Roman military system. Few topics are more in need of elucidation. Works of considerable merit exist, no doubt, discussing various questions connected with the Roman armies, their constitution and their mode of warfare; but these works do not treat the subject from a general point of view; they touch upon this or that particular point, and are complete as far as they go, but they do not cover the whole ground. This is the deficiency which M. Lamarre now endeavours to fill up. He begins by examining how the Roman army was composed; he then shows what was its discipline, what were its means of attack and defence; the third part of the volume is taken up by a review of the navy, and the fourth and concluding division describes the organization of the troops, their plan of recruiting, &c. A number of woodcuts taken from ancient monuments illustrate the narrative.

M. Duruy's Roman History‡ has also reached a second edition, and we are glad to have this opportunity of noticing it. It is neither a mere compendium on the one hand, nor a detailed narrative on the other; but, within the compass of three handsome octavos, it will give schoolboys a sufficiently full account of the Romans and their policy from the earliest time down to the end of the reign of the Antonines. The first volume, now before us, begins with a chapter on the geography of Italy, its ethnology and its ancient religious and social organization; the political history comes next, and we trace the gradual development of the greatness of Rome till the year 130 B.C. M. Duruy does not confine himself to the monotonous description of battles, treaties, and political revolutions; he takes a wider view of his subject, and his remarks on the literature of the Latin people, their laws, their religion, and their habits, are extremely valuable. We are glad to notice numerous references to the authorities consulted by him; those references are not mere bibliographical indications, but often assume the shape of long foot-notes carefully prepared, and showing a great amount of curious reading. We may mention, amongst many other excursions of the same kind, a long one on the influence of Greek literature at Rome, and another on the transformation which took place in the political assemblies of the Republic between the two Punic wars.

The history of French philosophy§ during the last thirty years may be briefly summed up under three heads, and considered as the history of three different schools. When Count de Maistre, M. de Bonald, and M. de Lamennais attempted to establish a metaphysical doctrine by starting from the principle of authority and denying the power of unaided reason to arrive at the knowledge of truth, M. Royer-Collard, and after him M. Cousin, soon discovered that the materialist doctrines of the disciples of Condillac could never be refuted from such a standpoint, and they accordingly endeavoured to construct a kind of intermediate system in which a concession should be made to rationalism in order to secure the ultimate triumph of spiritualist theories. Hence that kind of hybrid scheme which obtained some success for a short time, thanks to M. Cousin's eloquence, but which soon fell to the ground. A revival of materialist teaching immediately took place, conducted, however, on a much more scientific plan than the coarse doctrines of Raynal and Naigeon; and this in its turn led, by a necessary reaction, to the liberal, but at the same time distinctly Christian, system of the

\* *Les Prisons de Paris sous la Révolution*. Par C. A. Dauban. Paris: Plon.

† *De la Milice romaine, depuis la fondation de Rome jusqu'à Constantin*. Par A. Lamarre. Paris and London: Hachette & Co.

‡ *Histoire des Romains depuis les temps les plus reculés jusqu'à la fin du règne des Antonins*. Par Victor Duruy. Vol. 1. Paris and London: Hachette & Co.

§ *Philosophie contemporaine*. Par M. A. de Margerie. Paris: Didier.

Abbé Gratry, M. Secretan, M. Naville, and Bishop Dupanloup. Eclecticism, materialism, Christian spiritualism, such are the three stages in the intellectual history of contemporary France; and such are the three divisions of M. de Margerie's volume. Like M. Th. H. Martin, whose work we examined a short time ago, he takes his stand upon the ground of positive religion, and he aims at proving—first, that metaphysical truths are quite as certain as those which are deduced from the observation of nature; and secondly, that the solution of the various problems connected with these truths cannot be obtained independently of Christianity. The former of these propositions is directed against materialists of every shade; the latter is addressed to thinkers who, like M. Jules Simon, for instance, hope to reform society by appealing merely to human reason. The part of M. de Margerie's work treating of Christian philosophy is, strictly speaking, a review of M. Ravaisson's *Rapport sur la Philosophie française du 19<sup>e</sup> siècle*, which he completes and sometimes corrects.

Under the title *Dieu et la Conscience* \* M. Charles Waddington has published a series of essays on philosophy considered as finding its completion in the doctrines of Christianity. He begins by saying that as the multitude is now, thanks to universal suffrage, placed at the head of affairs, it is more than ever needful that it should know its duties and responsibilities. The people are profoundly ignorant, but they wish to be instructed; they are capricious, and disposed to act on that system of *bon plaisir* which they find so unjust when it is practised by a despot; they should therefore be taught to respect the supreme authority of right and justice. It is true that on all sides efforts are made to bring information of every kind within the reach of the masses; but the authors of this movement are too often actuated by the desire of teaching a kind of science made easy; and as science made easy is materialism, it becomes necessary that the champions of positive religion should enter their protest against the popular tendencies of the day. After having thus stated in his preface the principles he wishes to maintain, M. Waddington discusses in three successive sections—1, the fundamental laws of morality, examining as he goes on the views of the principal writers on ethical science; 2, the application of these laws to the family and to society; 3, the problem of the reconciliation between philosophy, properly so called, and religion. The volume is written in a clear and elegant style which may help to recommend it to those for whose benefit it is chiefly intended.

M. Armand Baschet † has contributed one more work to the multitude of publications suggested by the convocation of the Roman Council; it is the translation of a journal kept during the sittings of the Council of Trent by Antonio Milledonne, a member of the deputation sent by the Republic of Venice to watch the proceedings of the sacred assembly. Acting as secretary to two ambassadors, Nicolò da Ponte and Matteo Dandolo, in whose company he was present at the various sittings of the Council between April 1562 and December 1563, Milledonne had an excellent opportunity of watching all that was going on, and after his return to Venice he compiled from his notes, at the request of several influential persons, the short narrative of which a French version has now appeared. This work, quite untheological in its character, and consisting merely of a narrative of facts, seems to have been extremely popular, for numerous MSS. copies of it exist in Italian libraries, besides one which is preserved at the Bibliothèque Impériale. M. Armand Baschet has included in his volume three other documents relating to the same event, and a bibliographical list of all the publications which have appeared during the year 1869, both in France and elsewhere, on the subject of councils in general.

M. Taxile Delord's *Histoire du Second Empire* ‡ is written from the Opposition point of view, and it criticizes with the utmost frankness the government of Napoleon III.; but though some of the personages who appear in his book are painted in colours which must be considered as far from flattering, the author's judgments are manifestly impartial. The second volume of the work begins with the year 1856, and takes us as far as the appointment of General Lamoricière to the command of the Papal army. The mania for speculation which had seized on capitalists, and which had brought along with it an amount of immorality scarcely inferior to that so eloquently denounced by Juvenal, the accession of Baron Haussman to the government of the city of Paris, and the financial uneasiness every where prevalent, occupy the opening pages; the last chapter closes on the signs of dissatisfaction which even in 1859 proved to the Emperor that his throne was anything but secure, and that he must at whatever cost endeavour to re-establish his waning popularity. The chapters on the periodical press and the state of literature are most interesting, but we doubt whether M. de la Guéronnière, M. de Sacy, and M. Théophile Gautier will feel much gratified by the portraits given of them by M. Taxile Delord. As might have been supposed, the publication of the *Histoire du Second Empire* has suggested a few recriminations, and we have noticed one by Count Leopold Lehon, relative to the arrest of Generals Cavaignac, Le Flô, Bedeau, &c. at the time of the *coup d'état*. The authenticity of M. Delord's narrative is, however, sufficiently established from independent evidence.

The history of literature, when properly understood, is not a mere gallery of portraits, however brilliantly painted, having little or no connexion with one another; it is amenable to certain laws as well-defined as the laws which govern chemistry or astronomy. Such is, in a few words, the main idea of M. Louis Benloew's essay on Greek literature. \* His work is eminently suggestive; it places before us a kind of programme to be filled in at leisure; it gives us a clue to help us through the study of the masterpieces of Hellenic civilization. If M. Benloew has selected Greece for the subject of his volume, it is, he says, because the various branches of literary composition were cultivated in that country according to a kind of logical succession, which the productions of Plato, Aristotle, Homer, Æschylus, &c., enable us to trace. We must not omit to state that M. Benloew treats not only of Greece but of "her *cortège*," and observations therefore on the literatures of France, Germany, and England, and the other nations of modern Europe, occur almost at every step through his interesting volume.

M. Taine's new work † deserves fuller notice than we can give it here, and we must at present simply characterize it as his most elaborate contribution to metaphysical literature. M. Taine's claims to reputation as a philosopher had hitherto rested principally upon his *Philosophes classiques du 19<sup>e</sup> siècle*, a volume in which he comes forward more as a critic than as a theorist. The two octavos now before us, as far as style goes, are a decided improvement upon the previous one; they are less flippant in tone, whilst they are equally remarkable for clearness and vigour. M. Taine has apparently discovered that the *verve* of a *feuilleton* is scarcely compatible with the discussion of subjects relating to the very constitution of our nature. He begins by examining the elements which contribute to our knowledge; signs, images, and sensations, and the ideas resulting from them. He then proceeds to consider the general scheme of our knowledge, and the various means we have of becoming acquainted both with our own nature and with the surrounding world. He gives us illustrations borrowed from the discoveries of physical science, and his remarks on madness in connexion with the laws of intellect are particularly striking. The two volumes entitled *De l'Intelligence* cannot fail to occupy a prominent place amongst the literary productions of the current year, and they claim the attention of all readers who take a serious interest in philosophical inquiry.

Our list of scientific works includes this month a further part of M. Baillon's monograph of the leguminous plants. ‡ It is done with the same care as all the previous instalments of the work, and is illustrated with numerous woodcuts.

M. Victor Rendu has described the habits of the insect world in a small volume § written without any pretensions to scientific depth, but well calculated to diffuse a taste for natural history.

Warned by one friend that the young men of the present day take no interest whatever except in scandal, horse-racing, opera singers, and pleasure of every kind; told by another person that girls care only about dresses, novels, and flirtation, Madame Hommaire de Hell has nevertheless hoped to find both amongst girls and young men a few intelligent readers who would feel some pleasure in reading a description of foreign countries; and she has therefore published on their behalf, under the title *À travers le Monde* ||, an amusing volume which takes us from Constantinople to the West Indies, and forms an agreeable pendant to the other duodecimo which we have formerly had occasion to notice, *Les Steppes de la mer Caspienne*. Descriptions of scenery are pleasantly mixed up with anecdotes and sketches of character.

M. Bergmann complains in his preface ¶ that no attention has been given to his previous labours, and that they have never yet received from critics even a word of notice. Considering the nature of the subjects which the learned *doyen* treats, we are not astonished that his publications should find few readers; but we certainly wonder at their remaining utterly unknown, if they are all as curious as the volume now before us. M. Bergmann's *Résumé d'études d'Ontologie* consists of three parts, beginning with considerations on the subdivisions of ontology, and ending with an interesting and suggestive essay on the formation of language. He adopts views which will certainly astonish many of his readers; he takes the word metaphysics, for instance, as embracing everything connected with science, art, and action; and as one of his first principles he asserts the infinitude of the world, which he describes as being the manifestation of the substance of the Infinite Being. On the subject of the origin of man his theory is peculiar; he considers the human species as the improved metamorphosis of the most perfect variety of quadrumanus; but at the same time he thinks that this variety, to which he gives the name of *anthropistes*, must not be confounded with any of those now extant. It is an intermediate family, originally located in the tropical parts of Central Africa, and which has long since disappeared. Our readers will see that, notwithstanding the scientific pretensions of

\* *Essai sur l'esprit des Littératures*. Par M. Louis Benloew. Paris: Didier.

† *De l'Intelligence*. Par H. Taine. Paris and London: Hachette & Co.

‡ *Monographie des légumineuses Papilionacées*. Par H. Baillon. Paris and London: Hachette & Co.

§ *Mœurs pittoresques des Insectes*. Par Victor Rendu. Paris and London: Hachette & Co.

|| *À travers le Monde*. Par Madame Hommaire de Hell. Paris: Didier.

¶ *Résumé d'études d'Ontologie générale et de Linguistique générale*. Par F. G. Bergmann. Paris: Cherbuliez.

\* *Dieu et la Conscience*. Par Charles Waddington. Paris: Didier.

† *Journal du Concile de Trente*. Rédigé par un secrétaire Vénitien et publié par Armand Baschet. Paris: Plon.

‡ *Histoire du Second Empire*. Par Taxile Delord. Vol. 2. Paris: Germer-Baillière.



M. Bergmann's book, it contains much that is merely hypothetical. In dealing with the problems of general grammar and of philology he allows less to fancy and to conjecture.

A lecture by Dr. Lorain \* on Jenner and on vaccination, lately delivered in Paris, has become quite an *ouvrage de circonstance*; it contains not only interesting biographical details, but also medical remarks on the means of arresting the progress of the small-pox.

M. Elisee Reclus has added another instalment to Messrs. Hachette's collection of miniature guide-books†; Nice, Cannes, Monaco, and Mentone forming the subjects of a pretty little volume which is illustrated with thirty woodcuts and three maps.

\* *Jenner et la Vaccine.* Par M. le docteur Lorain. Paris: Germer-Baillière.

† *Guides-Diamant: Nice, Cannes, Monaco, Menton.* Par E. Reclus. Paris and London: Hachette & Co.

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We beg leave to state that we decline to return rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

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J. ELLA, Director.

PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.—Conductor, Mr. W. G. CUSINS.—St. James's Hall, Monday Evening, June 6, at Eight o'clock. Overtures, "Athalie" (Mendelssohn), "In Memoriam" (Sullivan), "Zauberflöte" (Mozart); Symphony, "Erica" (Beethoven); Concerto in B flat, Ms. Violoncello, Signor Pinti; Rondo in B minor, Pianoforte, Mr. F. H. Cowen (Mendelssohn). Vocalists, Madame Sinico and Mr. Santley. Stalls, 10s. 6d. and 7s.; Tickets 6s. and 2s. 6d.—L. Cook & Co., 63 New Bond Street; Austin's Ticket Office, St. James's Hall; Chappell's, Oliver's, Mitchell's; Knith, Frowe's; and A. Hay's, Royal Exchange.

DORÉ GALLERY.—GUSTAVE DORÉ, 35 New Bond Street. EXHIBITION OF PICTURES (including "CHRISTIAN MARTYRS," "MONASTERY," "TRIUMPH OF CHRISTIANITY," "FRANCESCA DE RIMINI.") Ten to Six.—Admission, 1s.

THE SOCIETY of PAINTERS in WATER-COLOURS.—THE SIXTY-SIXTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION IS NOW OPEN, at their Gallery, 5 Pall Mall East, from Nine till Seven.—Admission, 1s.; Catalogue, 6d.

WILLIAM CALLOW, Secretary.

ST. GEORGE'S HOSPITAL.—Since the announcement of the Public Meeting, held on the 29th of May, which was presided over by their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of WALES, the following SUBSCRIPTIONS and DONATIONS have been RECEIVED:

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**ETHNOLOGICAL SOCIETY OF LONDON.**—A SPECIAL MEETING will be held at the MUSEUM of PRACTICAL GEOLOGY, Jermyn Street (by permission of Sir R. L. Murchison, Bart., K.C.B.), on Tuesday, June 7, 1870, when Professor HUXLEY, LL.D., F.R.S., President, will read a Paper on "The Chief Modifications of Mankind and their Geographical Distribution." Chair to be taken at 8.30 P.M.

A. LANE FOX, Col., Hon. Gen. Sec.

**THE ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING** of the Members of the ARUNDEL SOCIETY will be held in the Rooms, 31 Old Bond Street, W., on Thursday, the 10th of June, at Half-past Two o'clock, for the following purposes:

- 1st. To transact the usual Business of an Annual General Meeting as defined by the Rules.
- 2nd. To authorize the number of Second Subscribers being limited to 1,500, and to make such variations in, and additions to, the Rules as may be necessary for carrying out such limitation.

31 Old Bond Street, W.

F. W. MAYNARD, Secretary.

**OWENS COLLEGE, Manchester.**—PROFESSORSHIP of NATURAL PHILOSOPHY.—The Trustees of Owens College invite Applications from Gentlemen willing to become Candidates for the above PROFESSORSHIP, which will become vacant in September next by the Resignation of Professor W. JACK, M.A.

Instruction in this Department is at present given solely by means of Lectures, but the Trustees expect to be able to make immediate provision for the establishment of a Physical Laboratory.

Candidates are requested to send in Applications, stating Age, Academical Degree, and general Qualifications, accompanied by Testimonials, to "The Trustees of Owens College," under cover to the Registrar, on or before June 17 next.

Further information will be given on application to the PRINCIPAL, but it is requested that the Trustees may not be addressed individually.

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**MALVERN COLLEGE.**—A FIFTH BOARDING HOUSE WILL OPEN THIS YEAR.—On Wednesday, July 6, an EXAMINATION will be held for a CLASSICAL SCHOLARSHIP value £30.

Candidates must be under Fifteen Years on August 1.

**LADIES' COLLEGE, ROCHESTER, Kent.**—This Establishment has been successfully engaged in the Education of Young Ladies for more than a century. During the last few years the London Collegiate System has been introduced, and a thoroughly sound Education, on the best modern system, is now offered at from Thirty to Fifty Guineas per annum. English Grammar and Analysis, Arithmetic, History, Geography, Latin, Drawing, Singing and Dancing are taught by well-qualified visiting Masters and Professors; French, German, Italian, Music, Elementary English, and Writing, by experienced resident Governesses. Foreign and English; and Lessons on Holy Scripture are given by a Clergyman of the Church of England. Lectures on English Literature and Physical Science by WILLIAM KESTEROS, Esq., LL.D., Lecturer at the Royal Educational Exhibition, St. Martin's Hall, London, opened by H.R.H. the late Prince Consort in 1854.—Address the LADY PRINCIPAL.

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Edinburgh Academy, May 23, 1870.

**PRIVATE TUITION, GERMANY.**—A MARRIED CLERGYMAN (M.A. of Cambridge, with Mathematical Honours) undertakes the Care and Education of a few PUPILS.—Address, Rev. N. G. WILKINS, 15 Linmer Strasse, Hannover.

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**BRISTOL AND EXETER RAILWAY.**

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1st.—A. Debenture Stock (First Mortgage), bearing 6 per cent. Interest—(the Stock now offered for Subscription—being the balance unissued) .....	£270,000
2nd.—B. Debenture Stock (Second Mortgage), bearing 5 per cent. Interest ....	166,000
3rd.—Preference and Ordinary Share Capital .....	272,700
	<hr/> £708,700

The 'Acts' of Parliament, and that embodying the Agreements with the Bristol and Exeter Railway, and the scheme of arrangement, may be seen at the Offices of the Solicitors of the Company, Messrs. COMBE & WAINWRIGHT, 9 Staple Inn, London.

Applications, accompanied by the payment of £10 per cent., will be received on the enclosed Form, which must be filled up and forwarded either to the National Provincial Bank of England, 112 Bishopsgate Street Within, London, or its Branches; or to the Secretary, at the Company's Offices, 13 Little Queen Street, Westminster, London.

**DIRECTORS.**

Sir WILLIAM G. THROCKMORTON, Bart., Buckland, Faringdon, Berks.  
THOMAS COLLETT SANDARS, Esq., Minchenden Lodge, Southgate.

HENRY GORGES MOYSEY, Esq., Bathealton Court, Wellington, Somerset.  
JOHN THOMAS NASH, Esq., South Molton, Devon.

**RICHARD HASSARD, Esq., M.I.C.E.,** 1 Westminster Chambers, Victoria Street, S.W.

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The NATIONAL PROVINCIAL BANK of ENGLAND, 112 Bishopsgate Street Within, London, E.C., and its Branches.

R. M. MUGGERIDGE, Esq.

OFFICES: 13 LITTLE QUEEN STREET, WESTMINSTER, LONDON; AND TAUNTON, SOMERSET.

**PROGRESS OF CONSTRUCTION OF RAILWAY.**—Of the 42 miles of Railway of which the Devon and Somerset Railway consists, about 25 miles are nearly ready for ballasting (the Rails and other materials for which are on the ground), thus leaving 16 miles to complete the whole length of the Railway.

**PERIODS FIXED FOR COMPLETION.**—By arrangements with the Contractor—for whose due performance of his engagements security has been given to the satisfaction of the Board of Directors—the following periods have been fixed for opening the line for traffic:—

Directors—the following periods have been fixed for opening the line for traffic:—

1st Section from Taunton to Wiveliscombe, 10 miles.....	on October 15, 1870.
2nd       "       Barnstaple to South Molton, 12 miles.....	on February 15, 1871.
3rd and last Section .....	on June 30, 1871.

So that within 15 months the entire Line will be at work and open for traffic.

**PAYMENT OF INTEREST UNTIL LINE COMPLETED.**—To insure the punctual payment of the Interest during the last-mentioned period upon the Stock applied for, an amount amply sufficient for that purpose will be invested in Government Securities, which will be lodged with the National Provincial Bank of England, in the names of

The Right Hon. the Lord POLTIMORE (*Chairman*),  
The Right Hon. the Earl FORTESCUE, Castle Hill, South Molton, Devon,  
who have consented to act as Trustees, and will apply the amount in the payment of such  
Interest as it falls due.

As a safe investment English Railway Debenture Stock is well known, and possesses at once the advantage of a fixed income, and the certainty of rapid increase in value, and consequent augmentation of the capital invested.

TABLE OF COMPARATIVE VALUES OF RAILWAY DEBENTURE STOCK.—These features

apply specially to the present issue of Stock for subscription, as will be seen by the accompanying Table of the relative values of existing Railway Debenture Stock at Six per cent. interest, compared with the Six per Cent. Debenture Stock of the Devon and Somerset Railway, now offered at £100.

Name of Stock.	Issued at Rate of Interest.	Present Price.	Equivalent price in a 6 per Cent. Stock as now offered.
----------------	-----------------------------------	-------------------	--

	Per Cent.	£	£
Great Eastern Railway Debenture Stock .....	5	110	132
Great Northern .....	4	100	120

Great Northern	"	"	4	100	150
Great Western	"	"	5	112	134
Lancashire and Yorkshire	"	"	4	100	150
London and Brighton	"	"	4½	101	134
London and North-Western	"	"	4	100	150

London and North-Western	75	100	150
Midland	75	100	150
Ditto	75	106	141
North-Eastern	75	106	150
North London	75	106	141

South-Eastern " " .....	5	113	114
Metropolitan District Railway (in course of construction) Debenture Stock issued in July, 1869, is now 16 premium .....	6	116	116

**PRESENT ISSUE FIRST MORTGAGE ON WHOLE OF LINE.**—The Debenture Stock now offered for Subscription being an absolute first Mortgage Charge on 42 miles of an English Railway, passing through a rich Mineral and Agricultural District, and which, when completed,

By Order of the Board of Directors,  
R. M. MUGGERIDGE, Secretary.

EDSET RAILWAY

ISSUE of £255,000 PERPETUAL SIX PER CENT. A. DEBENTURE STOCK.

*To the Directors of the Devon and Somerset Railway Company.*

Gentlemen:—Having paid to the NATIONAL PROVINCIAL BANK OF ENGLAND, the Sum of £100,000, being 10 per Cent. on £1,000,000 of the Capital Stock of the GREAT NORTH-EASTERN RAILWAY COMPANY, I request you to appropriate and allot to and to issue to me Serp Certificates for the said Stock, and I hereby agree to accept the same, or any less amount that may be appropriated or allotted to me, and to pay the balance of the amount of such Stock, according to the terms of the Prospectus attached hereto, dated June 2, 1870.

Name (in full) .....  
 Address .....  
 Profession (if any) .....  
 Date ..... 1870.  
 Signature .....

(ADDITION TO BE FILLED UP IF THE APPLICANT WISHES TO PAY UP IN FULL.)

I desire to pay up my Subscription in full, receiving interest thereon from the date of payment.

Signature .....

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JAMES BLYTH, Esq., Governor.

EDWIN GOWER, Esq., Sub-Governor.

DAVID POWELL, Esq., Deputy-Governor.

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The Directors are ready to receive applications for Agencies for the Fire and Life Departments of the Corporation.

**LIFE DEPARTMENT.**

Policies in force for ..... £1,865,523

(Exclusive of Bonus Additions.)

Income—Premiums ..... £161,381

Interest ..... 66,384

Accumulated Premiums ..... £1,342,472

Further information may be obtained on application.

JOHN P. LAURENCE, Secretary.

**CLERICAL, MEDICAL, and GENERAL LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY.**

Annual Income, steadily increasing ..... £227,000

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**SPECIAL NOTICE.**

The NINTH BONUS will be declared in January 1872, and all With-Profit Policies in force on June 30, 1871, will participate. Assurances effected before June 30, 1870, will participate on two Premiums, and thus receive a whole Year's additional Share of Profits over later Policies.

Forms of Proposal, Balance Sheets, and every information, can be obtained from any of the Society's Agents, or of

GEORGE CUTCLIFFE, Actuary and Secretary.

**IMPERIAL FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY,**

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INSTITUTED 1820.

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Septennial Policies charged only Six Years' Premium.

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JAMES HOLLAND, Superintendent.

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INSTITUTED 1820.

The Liabilities are, in respect of Sums Assured and Bonuses, £2,750,000; and in respect of Annuities only £250 per annum.

The Assets actually invested in First-class Securities amount to £973,621.

Of the Subscribed Capital of £750,000, only £75,000 is paid up.

All kinds of Assurance effected at moderate rates and on very liberal conditions.

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The rate of abatement of Premium thereby given for the current year on Life Policies is 60 per cent. for the Old Series, and 50 per cent. for the New Series.

The rate of return on Septennial Fire Policies (charged at 1s. 6d. per cent.) is 65 per cent. The Directors are willing to appoint as Agents persons of good position and character.

December 31, 1869.

Claims paid on Life Policies to this date ..... £216,106

Returned in Abatement of Premiums ditto ..... 986,773

**ASSETS.**

Accumulated Fund ..... £1,290,622

Present Value of Life Premiums ..... 1,309,386

**LIABILITIES.**

Present Value of Sums Insured (£12,126,547) ..... £1,580,809

Present Value of Life Annuities (£49,065 per annum) ..... 65,595

Further details as to the Assets and Liabilities of the Office may be had on application to the Secretary.

**ROYAL EXCHANGE ASSURANCE CORPORATION.**

(Established A.D. 1720, by Charter of King George I., and confirmed by Special Acts of Parliament.)

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Life Assurances with or without participation in Profits.

Divisions of Profit every Five Years.

Any sum up to £15,000 insurable on the same Life.

The Corporation bear the cost of Policy Stamps and Medical Fees.

A liberal participation in Profit, with the guarantee of a large invested Capital Stock, and exemption, under Royal Charter, from the liabilities of Partnership.

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A Prospectus and Table of Bonus will be forwarded on application.

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**HALF A MILLION has been PAID by the RAILWAY PASSENGERS' ASSURANCE COMPANY**

as Compensation for Accidents of All Kinds. An Annual payment of £3 to 25 5s. Insures £1,000 at Death, and an Allowance at the rate of 10s. per Week for Injury.

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WILLIAM J. VIAN, Secretary.

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**THE GREAT INDIAN PENINSULA RAILWAY COMPANY.**

At the FORTY-FIRST HALF-YEARLY GENERAL MEETING of Proprietors, held at the City Terminus Hotel, Cannon Street, London, on Friday, May 30, 1870;

Colonel J. HOLLAND, Chairman of the Company, in the Chair;

The Advertisement convening the Meeting was read.

The Company's Seal was affixed to the Register of Proprietors.

The Directors' Report having been taken as read,

It was moved by the CHAIRMAN, seconded by WM. NICOL, Esq., and resolved:

That the Report of the Directors, together with the Accounts now submitted, be received and adopted.

It was moved by the CHAIRMAN, seconded by GEO. SCLATER-BOOTH, Esq., M.P., and resolved:

1. That the present Capital of the Company be increased by the amount of £3,000,000.

2. That such further amount may be raised as to the whole, or any part or parts thereof, either by creating new Shares, or (without creating new Shares) by the creation and issue of a Capital Stock, and in either cases at such time or times, in such manner and upon such terms, in all respects as shall be agreed on and sanctioned by the Secretary of State in Council of India, and

3. That the Board of Directors be, and are hereby authorized, to create such new Shares of Capital Stock (as the case may be) accordingly.

It was moved by the CHAIRMAN, seconded by Dr. WM. COLLUM, and resolved:

That T. S. COWIE, Esq., S. S. DICKINSON, Esq., M.P., and L. R. REID, Esq., be, and are hereby, re-elected Directors of this Company.

It was moved by J. RYDER MOWATT, Esq., seconded by HALL R. PRICE, Esq., and resolved:

That GEORGE SMITH, Esq., be, and is hereby, re-elected an Auditor of the Company.

It was moved by GEORGE CAMPBELL, Esq., seconded by WM. C. JONES, Esq., and resolved:

That the best thanks of the Meeting are due, and are hereby tendered, to the Chairman and Directors for their attention to the Interests of the Company.

THOS. R. WATT, Managing Director.

**NET PRICES versus DISCOUNTS.**—Attention is particularly invited to the following, as it shows that large Discounts, about which so much noise is made at the present time, may be very delusive.

It is quite evident that, unless Purchasers know, or are in a position to compare, the prices of goods, Discounts, small or large, may be a complete delusion. That they have been so in the Furnishing Ironmongery and Electro-plate trades is well known by all conversant with these trades.

It is easy to conceive (what has really happened) that a house may drive a thriving trade, if it can obtain a large number of customers by offering tempting Discounts from prices which are arranged and altered at will, and which Purchasers have no means of testing. In the Catalogue of the Civil Service Co-operative Society, 28 Haymarket, published in December, 1862, certain prices and discounts are announced, some of which are so described, and in some instances illustrated, that comparisons can be made. The following examples, taken from that Catalogue, show that Purchasers do better at WILLIAM S. BURTON'S Establishment, where the low prices do not admit of Discount. Many of the prices here quoted may be seen in WILLIAM S. BURTON'S Catalogues for years past, and are therefore evidently not made for the occasion.

**PRICES FROM CIVIL SERVICE CATALOGUE, WITH DISCOUNTS DEDUCTED.**

WROUGHT-IRON STOCK POTS.—Page 69.

3 Gallons	£ s. d.	15 per cent. off is	£ s. d.
4 ditto	1 4 0	"	0 15 8 1/2 net.

WROUGHT-IRON OVAL TEA KETTLES.

3 Quarts	0 9 6	15 per cent. off is	0 8 11 1/2 net.
----------	-------	---------------------	-----------------

4 "	0 10 6	"	0 8 11 1/2 net.
5 "	0 12 6	"	0 10 7 1/2 net.
6 "	0 13 6	"	0 11 5 1/2 net.
7 "	0 15 0	"	0 12 3 1/2 net.
8 "	0 17 6	"	0 14 10 1/2 net.
10 "	1 0 0	"	0 17 0 net.

SICILIAN MARBLE MORTARS.—Page 69.

10 in. diam. out-side measure	0 11 6	15 per cent. off is	0 12 4 net.
11 in. "	0 17 6	"	0 14 10 1/2 net.
12 in. "	1 2 6	"	0 15 8 1/2 net.
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WEIGHING MACHINES AND WEIGHTS.—Page 69.

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